THE
Female Critick:
OR,
LETTERS in Drollery
FROM
LADIES
TO
Their humble Servants.

With a LETTER to the Author of a Satyr call'd,

The True-born English-man.

LONDON,
Printed for *E. Rumball*, at the Post-house in *Russel-street*, *Covent-Garden*. 1701.

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TO THE

Honourably Deſcended,

AND

Moſt hopeful Young Gentleman,

George Savile, Eſq;

SIR,

THeſe *Letters* containing divers Objections againſt ſeveral of our Sex, I thought I cou'd not more properly preſent them, than to a Perſon againſt whom no Objection can be made, having obtain'd a general Opinion of being a moſt In-

genious, Accompliſh'd, and (what completes your Character) a moſt Vertuouſly-inclin'd Gentleman, untouch'd by the Vices of the Times, which taint and ſully the Reputations of many, who wou'd otherwiſe be the Ornaments of the Age; inſomuch that whilſt Your great Fortune was in ſuſpence, You had the univerſal Wiſhes of all that knew your Perſon or Character, for the Heiring that vaſt Eſtate of the Right Honourable the late Marqueſs of *Halifax*, (to whom You had

the

the Honour of being nearly Related) and which You now enjoy. Nor is it a little Addition to Your Happineſs, the very near relation you bear to that moſt beloved Family, the Right Honorable the Counteſs of *Montefelto*, the Honorable and Full Gentleman, Colonel *Savile*, and the moſt incomparably Ingenious Ladies, their Siſters, who are never nam'd without the Epithet of *That Good Family*; who take that delight in doing of Good, as if they had no other Errand into the World: To

whom I am ſo infinitely obligʼd in my own particular, that I couʼd not without Ingratitude paſs by one Opportunity of making publick Acknowledgement thereof. That a full Harveſt may follow your moſt hopeful Spring of all theſe Vertuous Precepts inculcated into You by Your Reverend and moſt Religious Father, and that Your Happineſs may increaſe with Your Years, is the hearty Wiſh of,

SIR,

Your moſt humble Servant,

M. S.

THE PUBLISHER TO THE READER.

Reader,

SHould I tell you these Letters *were written by some Ladies* extempore, *without Revisal or Correction, when they met together for their Diversion, you wou'd chuse whether you wou'd believe me; and since there is an Act for* Liberty of Conscience, *I will not go about to force your Faith: but in this I dare*

To the Reader.

dare be poſitive, That there be many of the Fair Sex *that can write* Letters *with that* Senſe, *quickneſs of* Thought, *and richneſs of* Fancy, *that the moſt Ingenious of our Sex might be proud to be thought the* Authors *of them; not to mention the* French Lady's *from* Spain, *and others made* publick, *but by what I have had the Honour to ſee in divers* private ones. *I ſpeak not this in Complement of* Courtſhip, *having ſped that way already in as good a Wife as ever* Heaven *made a Man happy in; but as it is my real* Opinion, *according to the beſt of my Judgment. But all this is* from *my Commiſſion, which only extends to theſe Heads,* viz. *That I had liberty to publiſh them if I thought fit; That if it be ask'd, What* Lawyer,

Cour-

To the Reader.

Courtier, *&c. is meant? The Anſwer is*, Such only as they hit. *And laſtly, That no notice will be taken of any faults the* Criticks *may object, except ſuch as may come by way of* Reply, *in the ſame* Strain; *and if ſuch cannot be anſwer'd, their* Authors *may go off in Triumph.* Vale.

To the Reader.

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LET-

LETTER I.

To the Criticks.

YOU will ſay this is a bold Salley, at firſt daſh to aſſail the Dragons of the Age: But my Reſt is now up, and the care for the danger taken. Therefore firſt to You, who run down all Wit, to have it thought your own is ſuperiour; who exerciſe a Deſpotick Power, like the *Great Turk*, and, like Him, diſdain to give any Reaſons for your Executions: yet, ſince you judge of others Writings by the Standard of your own Brains, were I an Author, I ſhould dote on your diſlike; for ſhould you approve, it would make me ſuſpect you underſtood me. Next, to You, who ſhew more of danger, the terrible Lampooners, who paſs over Mountains of your own Faults to attack the Mole-hills of others; and, as Toads are fed by Infections, ſo, did not ſome Miſcarriages happen to feed your Malice,

you wou'd ſoon be famiſh'd. You have a Charter from Nature to write uncontroll'd, none caring to meddle with you, for fear of being ſuſpected to be of the ſame Leven. Our Sex are uſually the Subjects you exerciſe your Valour on; for you will no more Write againſt a Man than you'll Fight againſt a Man: Knowing alſo, ſhou'd we anſwer you, ſuch a regard of you wou'd more reflect on us than your dull Lampoons. But the moſt dreadful Criticks are the Satyriſts; You who, like a Deluge, are for ſwallowing up all the Vertues of our Sex at one ſwoop; rallying up all the Vices, from the primitive Woman down to thoſe of your own Mothers and Siſters, and throwing them all upon our whole Sex: yet ſo ſtupidly blind, as not to conſider, how much ſeverer every Laſh you give is upon your ſelves. Shall Man condemn us of Pride, whoſe Ambition leads him to the ſubverting all Laws Divine and Humane for the exerting a Power over his Fellow-Creatures? Shall He tax our Sex with Lewdneſs, forgetting who acts the Devil's part to tempt them to it? Or accuſe us of Ignorance, when the Errors in his

his Philoſophy, Politicks, Arts and Sciences, daily proclaim his? and whilſt himſelf debars us of the Key of Knowledge, Learning? Yet, when a *Phillips* hath eſcap'd his words, the moſt ingenious of your own Sex, *Cowley*, cou'd ſay,

We our old Title plead in vain;
Man may be Head, *but Woman's now the*
[Brain.

Shall they reflect on our Inconſtancy, who are daily vexing one another with new Notions, ſeldom waking with the ſame Thoughts they went to ſleep? and in Love-matters, a new Face is but as a new *Gazette*, to be thrown by as ſoon as read over? You accuſe us of Vanity, whilſt 'tis the ſtudy of your moſt refin'd Wits to feed it in us. Shall the Idol be accus'd by his Idolaters, for confeſſing thoſe Attributes they give him? But certainly the Philoſopher that laugh'd to ſee the Aſs mumble Thiſtles, had burſt his Spleen to have ſeen your Heroes affecting the Title of a Deity, when their Omnipotency cou'd not cure the Tooth-ach; a Philoſopher beating his Brains about a *Vacuum*, which

is juſt Nothing; a Vertuoſo in purſuit of the perpetual Motion, conclude only in an eternal round of Thoughts, to as much purpoſe as the other; a Chymiſt ſweating for the Philoſopher's Stone, without other effect than inſtead of turning all into Gold, in converting all his Gold into Smoke; and a Politician labour under great fatigues of his Brains, to plot himſelf into an Halter. Then there be your Beauty-Criticks, who are for unrigging all the fine Faces they meet, for not being dreſs'd in Features to their Minds: But what ſhews it Fancy, and not Judgment, is, that they can bear the Reflection of their own without breaking the Glaſs. But be warn'd by Sir *T. H*---'s Fate, who after he had condemn'd all the Beauties about Town, was ſmitten (as a Judgment on his Folly) by a ſtale Punk, and fancy'd her Eyes (tho' like Candle-ends ſunk in their Sockets) two radiant Suns; her Voice to be all Harmony, tho' utter'd more from her Noſe than her Mouth; and her Breath beyond the Eaſtern Perfumes, tho' it wou'd have poyſon'd a Polecat. But perhaps he was taken with her Art and Ingenuity, for ſhe ow'd

ow'd not an inch of her Face to Nature, and her Limbs were kept together by Art. There be alſo your young ſucking Criticks: Striplings, that as ſoon as their Teeth are grown will ſhew them in pretty little Invectives againſt Matrimony: but 'tis pleaſant enough a little after to find them ſhaking their Heels, their Teeth chattering in their Heads, in a bitter morning under their Miſtreſſes Windows, adoring the Threſholds they have paſs'd. As for the *Beaux*, or Dreſs-Criticks, they are harmleſs inoffenſive Animals, and ſpend ſo much time in converſing with themſelves in the Glaſs, that they have little leiſure to diſturb the reſt of the World. To conclude; After all your boaſted Pre-eminence, where is the Man hath the front to ſay, the Wiſeſt of Your Sex hath not been often made an Aſs by Ours? The furtherance whereof (as occaſion offers) ſhall be the care of,

Meſſieurs, &c.

LETTER II.

To a Captain.

AS I have hitherto defended my little Fort againſt all your Aſſaults, ſo I ſhall to the laſt drop of Blood; and good reaſon; for if You vanquiſh, I expect no Quarter: Nay, Hanging muſt not ſerve my turn; for I expect what is a thouſand times worſe; To be made a Slave, chain'd to an Oar, where I am like to tug out a wretched Life in the rotten leaky Galley of Matrimony. A Captain! Heavens deliver me. I ſhou'd in your Arms appear like a Pigeon truſs'd up by a Vulture, expecting at every motion his Tallons in his Fleſh. To hear your Proweſs always grumbling like your Drums; then thundring out Volleys of Oaths; to have you come home at Three in the morning, after a Tavern-quarrel about a Punk, where Bottles fly about for Cannon-Balls: Then am I forc'd to cut my Velvet Scarf to pieces to patch up your Face, and give it out they were Wounds got in an honourable

rable Duel. When you come from the Camp, to bring me home your Sutler's Wife's leavings, (and no diſhonour, ſince your God of War had but a Blackſmith's Wife to his Miſtreſs;) then I bake all your Cloaths to deſtroy the Inhabitants; for tho' you go out with a ſingle Company, you generally return *a thouſand ſtrong*. So to Bed, where my Skin is ſcarified with your rough Hide, parch'd with Summer-heats, and chapp'd with North-winds. Perhaps you dream a Raſcal is running from his Colours, whip out of Bed for your Cane, and thraſh me to a Jelly. Before the Year is gone about, I am deliver'd of a Thunderbolt, got on the head of an old Drum, (for you Officers ſtand not nicely on Conveniencies;) the Bantling as ſoon as he comes into the World bawls out for a Bottle and a Whore. Next Pacquet brings word my Heroe is ſlain; farewell Subſiſtence-Money. Before you are in the Crows belly, I make my Son and Heir a Powder-Monkey, and follow the Camp my ſelf with Bottle-Ale and Brandy. So, good Captain, face about whilſt your Cloaths are whole; for if Pay keeps not touch, I propheſie I ſhall ſoon ſee You in

more tatters than your Colours, and then you'll be out of heart further to attempt,

Sir, &c.

LETTER III.

To a Poet.

AT the reading of yours, a thouſand ſhining Idea's repreſented themſelves to my Imagination: nor had Rapture a Tongue, cou'd I with it aim at the expreſſing the Joys flow'd upon me from them. To have Marriage offer'd me by one of the Sons of *Apollo*, Heir-apparent to a fair Eſtate on *Parnaſſus!* What an Equipage ſhou'd I have! *Cupid* for my Page, the Graces for my Maids of Honour; and then, for other Attendants, I wou'd put the Muſes into Breeches, (they muſt be good confident Wenches, they are ſo familiar with the Poets.) If I have a mind to hunt with *Diana*, up flies *Pegaſus* ready bridl'd and ſaddl'd, and prays me to mount.

Shou'd

Shou'd I have a mind to pay a viſit to ſome of the Godeſſes, doubtleſs *Apollo* wou'd lend his Daughter-in-law his Chariot; there we are treated with *Nectar* and *Ambroſia*. But this Repaſt, and the other Honours, being only to be enjoy'd by the Mind, ſo might I wed that without being troubl'd with your Body, I ſhou'd ſtudy to value the Bleſſing; therefore muſt wait till their ſeparation happens. Nor do I believe you think your Corporal Perſon worthy to be brought into the Articles, ſince you ſhew your contempt of it by your ſcurvily maintaining of it, and expoſing it to all Indignities. Even your Prince *Homer* begg'd for ſmall Beer, whilſt his Mind drank immortal Liquor with the Gods: But then his Memory grew famous after through the whole World; which is that part alone of you I can fancy. Therefore, if your Paſſion for me be really more than one of your Fictions, make haſte to die, and I'll fly to embrace it. For, alas! what ſhou'd You do in this World, whoſe Eſtate, Intereſt, and Acquaintance lie wholly in another? Nor is this worthy of your Converſation, from the little regard it hath of you. Shou'd

it be my Fate to go first, I doubt not but you will fix me a Star in the Firmament, and question not there of my Influence continually towards you, till we meet in *Elizium*, where (if I pop not into *Lethe* by the way, and forget all) be assured of enjoying an eternal Spring of Youth and Love in those Fields of Light and Floods of endless Pleasures with,

Sir, &c.

LET-

LETTER IV.

To a Gentleman that had a red Noſe.

I Wonder not you ſhould talk ſo much of Flames, having a Beacon always blazing in your ſight; and that brightneſs you ſay ſits on my Face, I can think to be no other than a reflection from your Noſe: But certainly you need not doubt of inflaming a Lady's heart, when you have Fire enough in your Face to conſume her whole Body to Aſhes. Your Converſation, like other tranſitory things of this World, hath its conveniencies and inconveniences: In Winter I may warm my Hands at your Face: but in Summer, how can I dwell ſo near the *Torrid Zone*? And I fancy it was with ſuch a Noſe that *Jove* ſcorch'd *Semele*. The Flames of it puts us in mind of *Hymen*'s chearful Torches; but then it alſo carries with it a *Memento Mori*, by bringing into our thoughts the Funeral Pile. Your Eſtate may all run into Claret

Claret to maintain it; but then you'll ſay you can pawn it for more, being ſtuck with Rubies ſufficient for a King's Ranſom. It will ſecure you from Deeds of Darkneſs from its own Light: but then it muſt diſturb your Reſt, from the danger of firing your Lodging with it. Certainly *Tavernier* had given a good Sum for ſuch a Noſe, when he travell'd the *Deſarts* of *Arabia*, where no Fuel was to be had, for the conveniency of roaſting his Meat by it, being alſo ready for his Mouth before it cool'd. But a ſudden thought ſtrikes terror into me: Methinks it appears the Type of Hell, by *the Worms which never die*, and *the Fire which never goes out*; therefore as I wou'd ſhun that, ſo I muſt your Converſation, which, with that dreadful Apprehenſion, would always appear very terrible to the mind of,

Sir, &c.

LET-

LETTER V.

To a Doctor of Phyſick.

YOU tell me, Doctor, I have killing Eyes: Were they join'd with your killing Art, we might ſoon depopulate a Kingdom. But how can you tax me with the Cruelty of murdering young Gentlemen, when you ſpare neither Sex, Age nor Condition? Say, ſhould I take your Doſe of Love, what advantage wou'd it be to you? If it works not well, it will not help you; and if it works clear off, you are but where you were. I muſt confeſs, by marrying of you I might gain the glorious Title of being a Martyr for my Country; for your mortifying Experiments made on me might conduce to the ſaving the Lives of others. But the miſchief is, I ſhall not enjoy the Glory of it when I am gone. But I am not ſatisfied in your Religion; certainly you cannot be a Proteſtant, ſince you and the Papiſts ſo exactly agree in that Tenent, *That the Rich are to be kept in Purgatory as long*

as

as they have Money. Shou'd I take this bitter Pill of Matrimony at your hands, it muſt be will guilded; and I fear I muſt ſtay ſo long for that quality in you, till you loſe another as acceptable to a Young Woman. Beſides, what Iſſue cou'd I expect by you, after your frequent taſting of Medicines, but to be deliver'd of an Apothecary's Shop? Yet I muſt confeſs I love Courage in a Man, and You uſually make all befoul themſelves you come anear. But then methinks it is a blot to your Honour, that generally you only attack the hinder parts. Yet it muſt be own'd your Bravery carries you thro' many dangerous Adventures, by trimming up leaky and rotten Fireſhips, and then venturing your ſelves aboard to try if they are tight, where often you come maim'd off. But I muſt break off abruptly; for your Letter brought ſo much with it off from your hands, that it hath operated thrice already, and now a fourth motion calls upon me, which makes me fear it will not ceaſe till it hath wrought all remembrance of you out of the mind of,

Sir, &c.

LET-

LETTER VI.

To a Beau.

WHen your Footman brought your Letter, I firſt waſh'd my hands, and was dreſs'd, becauſe I wou'd give no affront by receiving it in *diſhabilie*; then reading it (which was alſo by a Wax-light) I perceiv'd an infallible Argument of the reality of your Paſſion: I mean not by the Senſe, for that was laid ſo deep, it was all out of my reach; but by the length, that you wou'd ſo long for my unworthy ſake hazard your Shape by keeping in a Writing-poſture; nor muſt paſs over the Civility of your Reſpects to me, by the Whiteneſs, Guilding, Scenting, regular Sealing, and exact Foldage of it: but above all, for your great Self-denial, in the loſing ſo much precious time from the happy Converſe you enjoy with your ſelf in the Glaſs, who moſt juſtly may ſay with the Philoſopher, *You are never leſs alone than when alone.* I preſume the moſt agreeable return I can make

make your Amour, will be by publiſhing the Gallantry of it; which I ſhall moſt zealouſly perform, that being the whole end that perſons of your Adroitneſs aim at; and it were unreaſonable, as well as in vain for me, to expect Conſtancy of Affection from a Perſon who hath more worthily beſtow'd it all on his own far more noble Structure; except I were ſelicified by bearing a ſemblable Idea with your ſelf, then ſometimes you might, by miſtake, vouchſafe me a glance. But I muſt not intrench on your Affairs of grand Importance; for by this time I ſuppoſe the Officers of your Wardrobe are entring your Chamber to dreſs you up the Idol of the *Park* and *Play*: As ſuch, I ſhall ever bear a Veneration for you, without prophaning your Perſon with a particular Affection; for as I know ſuch diſtance becomes me, ſo be aſſur'd it ſhall ever be maintain'd by,

Sir, &c.

LET-

LETTER VII.

To a Dancing-Maſter.

EXcuſe my delay, ſince I cannot readily accommodate my ſelf to your Converſation; for you ſeem to me a Man revers'd, with the Gout in your Head, and your Underſtanding in your Heels. You appear only begun by Heav'n, and finiſh'd by a Fiddle; the firſt giving Matter, and the laſt Motion; and as if made in haſte, by clapping a parcel of Crotchets into your Head inſtead of Brains; tho' ſome believe you might have had about half an Ounce, till you danc'd them into your Legs; whence it is, they ſay, your Capacity riſes no higher than to inſtruct thoſe Members. But many will have that a Tayler clubb'd in your making, ſince your outſide ſhews more of Senſe and Ingenuity than your inſide. So that between Heaven, a Fiddle, and a Tayler, being made a thing that can talk and diſcourſe,

tho' to no purpoſe (but that's no great matter, ſince you'll find my Anſwer to as little purpoſe; yet you may expect one, which take thus: By your Letter you ſeem to intimate that you deſire (like a Graſhopper) to live in the Sunſhine of my Favours; Be aſſur'd you ſhall meet with no Storms and Tempeſts of Frowns and Anger, (which might blaſt ſuch a tender Animal;) for you appear ſo much a Jeſt, that I always ſmile upon you: But as for the Conjugal Tie, it were in vain for me to expect to hold faſt a perpetual Motion, and one back-Caper wou'd throw you over the Hedge of Matrimony; and, as *Æſop*'s Cat, that was by *Jove* metamorphos'd into a handſome Woman, cou'd not forget her old Nature, but jump out of bed at the appearance of a Mouſe, ſo I ſhou'd expect you at the noiſe of a Fiddle under my Window: therefore be advis'd to make no further advances herein than your Kit and Hop will give you warrant for, and then your Reſpects may meet with a ſutable return from,

Sir, &c.

LET-

LETTER VIII.

To a Lawyer.

I Find you have fil'd a long Bill of Complaint againſt me. That I may not incur any Penalty for Contempt of the Court, I have here ſent my Anſwer, and will aſſure you it coſt me much pains to read over ſome Law, that I might anſwer you in your own heatheniſh Dialect, to prevent your pretences of my not giving a full and ſufficient Anſwer, and to bar your Rejoinders; which take as follows: *The ſaid Defendant ſaving to her ſelf now, and at all times hereafter, all and all manner of benefit and advantage of Exceptions*, &c. *doth anſwer, That true it is, the ſaid Plaintiff hath offered Articles of Marriage to her the ſaid Defendant, and to ſettle on her as Joyntur, all his Lands, Tenements and Hereditaments ſcituate and lying in the County of* Cook and Littleton. *And alſo, whereas there hath been a Suit in* Chancery *depend-*

ing theſe three hundred years, between Thomas Dulman *and his Heirs, (to whom, after ſeveral Succeſſions, the ſaid Plaintiff is Heir-apparent) and* Timothy Thickskull *and his Heirs, for an Eſtate lying in* Unfound Land: *the ſaid Plaintiff did propoſe to ſettle all his Right and Title therein to the uſes as aforeſaid. And likewiſe, whereas the ſaid Plaintiff being a Lawyer, is by conſequence in a way to be a Judge: he did propoſe to ſettle in Reverſion one Moiety of the Income ariſing from ſuch Poſt, as Pin-money, on the ſaid Defendant, during ſuch time as he ſhould enjoy the ſame. Furthermore the ſaid Plaintiff did propoſe to put into Truſtees hands, for the uſe of the ſaid Defendant, all his Bonds, Securities, and Specialities, being of ancient Date, and moſt ſign'd before the Flood. And laſtly, to put into Truſtees hands as aforeſaid, for the uſes aforeſaid, all the Moveables now in the poſſeſſion of him the ſaid Plaintiff; that is to ſay, One Gown, One furr'd Cap, One Desk, One green Bag, Fifteen Law-Books without Covers, One with a Cover, and a Temple-Mug. But the ſaid Defendant utterly denies that ſhe ever accepted of ſuch Propoſals. And whereas the ſaid Plaintiff*

ma-

maliciouſly inſinuates, as if ſhe the ſaid Defendant had ſtoln away the Heart of him the ſaid Plaintiff: the ſaid Defendant doth poſitively affirm, and is ready to produce Witneſſes to prove, that the ſaid Plaintiff had long before diſpoſed of the ſame to his Landreſs. And whereas the ſaid Plaintiff alledges, That the Defendant had practis'd upon him with Charms, thereby diſabling him from following his Studies, or attending Motions at Weſtminſter: *the ſaid Defendant affirms, ſhe hath been ſo far from any deſigns upon him, that ſhe never ſo much as thinks there is ſuch a perſon in the World; and ſhe verily believes he never had, or is like to have, any other Motions at* Weſtminſter, *than to go thither and back again. Wherefore the ſaid Defendant prays to be diſmiſs'd this Court with Coſts and Charges; and that the ſaid Plaintiff may be enjoined never to proſecute her more.*

And your Petitioner, &c.

LETTER IX.

To a Gentleman lamentably in Love.

I Received your Letter of Lamentation, wherein you vehemently implore my Pity and Compaſſion; and in truth I think you ſuch a piteous Object of Compaſſion, that ſorry I am I can but pity you: I have endeavour'd farther, and to that end offer'd violence to my imagination, by new-moulding of you in my fancy: For tho' you have a Hatchet-Face, Sugarloaf-Crown, Saddle-Noſe, Blub-Lips, and Wall-Eyes; I have new caſt your Face in a Cherubim's Mould; I have alſo flatted your Shoulders, brought your Elbows within compaſs, pull'd in your Bum, ſet the right ends of your Legs upwards, corrected the waddle of your Gate, and erected your whole Fabrick: yet, in ſpight of Invention, (a Curſe on the Misfortune!) as faſt as I dreſs you up in my Fancy, the Ornaments fall off, and your ſelf

Self ſtarts up through all. Nay, I have gone farther; for tho' your Voice is harſher than the Mandrakes, I have endeavour'd to fancy it ſweeter than the enchanting *Syrens*; tho' in three hours you ſpoke not three words of ſenſe, to conceit all the while I was hearing *Apollo*'s Oracles; and tho' an eternal dulneſs ſits upon your Face, to repreſent you to my mind a perfect *Mercury*: But ſtill, like Oyl on Water, your *very Self* will get uppermoſt, and there ſit nodding like the God of Sleep. Thus have I endeavour'd to conquer all Antipathies; but they (alas!) in ſpight of all my induſtry, have got the Aſcendant: Therefore now, in return of all my pains, I muſt addreſs to you for Pity and Compaſſion; never more to torture my Ears with the old Fuſtian Love Dialect, brew'd over and over, long ſince brought to the Lees, and the Spirit of that diſtill'd off; or to blaſt my Eyes with eternal Tautologies of *Nymph*, *Divine*, *Godeſs*, *Altars*, *Shrines*, *Darts*, *Fires*, *Flames*, and the reſt, pall'd a thouſand times over by every Bully of the Town on common Trulls; but to be a good Boy, dry your Eyes, wipe your

Noſe, and go to School to learn to ſpeak ſenſe, and you ſhall find me as much as e're I was before,

Sir, &c.

LETTER X.

To a very lean Gentleman.

I Cou'd admit of your Proceedings, might I retain you only during the times of *Lent*, Heav'n ſeeming to deſign you for that uſe, by ſetting in you the Picture of Famine before our Eyes; and they may well be ſaid to abſtain from Fleſh, who feed only on Skin and Bones. In troth I know no other uſe to put you to, except by conveying a Light into you make you ſerve for a Lanthorn; or to ſet you up in an Orchard to ſcare the Birds by the rattling of your Bones. An Army of ſuch wou'd miſs two general Attendants; for a Louſe cou'd not quarter upon you living, nor a Crow make a Meal upon you

you when dead. But then your Enemies might do their buſineſs by Air-Guns, for a ſtrong Wind wou'd blow you all away. Therefore I think you more fit for Sea-Service; for ſhou'd the Ship ſplit, you are too light to drown; nay, might ſave the Veſſel, by being ty'd about her like Corks to buoy her up. But being oblig'd in Gratitude to make return for your Civilities, I know not how better to do it than by good Advice, which is, to feed well on Peaſe and Cabbage; they'll blow up your Skin, which hangs about you like a Morning-Gown, and give you Bulk, for hitherto I ſuppoſe you have liv'd on Clyſters Beware of Treaſonable Conſpiracies, for you are ſo thin, a Man may read a Secret through you; and if you marry, let it be with a groſs Dutch-Woman to give you Ballaſt; for ſo yoak'd, you may venture out in a Storm. But for my part, I had as lieve lie with a *Porcupine*, for I ſhou'd be continually expecting your Bones, like his Quills, to be darting into my ſides. Yet if ſuch Favours as theſe may couduce to the fatt'ning of you, you ſhall not fail of being continually ſupply'd of them by,

Sir, &c.

LET-

LETTER XI.

To a Country-Gentleman.

I Muſt acknowledge the only thing in your Amours that hath any Influence upon me, is the Proſpect of a Country Life; a Life of that Bleſſedneſs, that all the Poets have crown'd it with their loftieſt Strains, ſtill ſending their Souls thither, tho' they contented their Bodies with a Tavern here in Town. There ſhou'd I be charm'd every morning with Harmony from the tops of Trees, Caw, Caw, Caw; after throughly wak'd with the ſprightly noiſe of Horns, yelping of Hounds, and halloing of Hinds. Up I get, clap on my Shaving Bever, and ſee my Servants, Pigs, and Poultrey have their Breakfaſt; next, examine the Proceedings of my Dairy. Anon home comes my Husband with his Companions, after the Heroick Exerciſe of finding a Hare and loſing a Fox. So to Dinner; where I am entertain'd

tain'd with Learned Diſcourſes of Dogs and Horſes, where they are Anatomiz'd, and every Dog's particular Character elegantly ſet forth, whilſt others tell all the Salleys and Doubles of vanquiſh'd Puſs, with the Shifts and Tricks of ſly *Reynard*. At length we riſe from Table, and all to ſleep. Towards the Evening I am wak'd with a full Conſort of Muſick; a Pig againſt the Wind, or hung in a Gate, ſtrikes up a Trebble, an Aſs gravely puts in a Tenor, and a Bull grumbles a Baſs. By and by in come my honourable Viſitors, Farmers Wives, from the next Village; I treat them with Sugar'd Beer and roaſted Apples, whilſt they entertain me with the Diverſions of the laſt Wake: How *Timothy Trebble* broke his Fiddle about a Sowgelder's Head for out-noiſing him; Of the Amours of *Thom Trot* and *Joan Higginbottom*, and how *Joan* ſtole a Pudding from her Mother to treat him with; Then an Account of their Dancing Matches and Bawdy Betts; and how at laſt they all got drunk, and ſo fell aſleep. So, after Ceremonies of leave, my Viſitors depart, and all to bed. Thus every day (like the glorious Sun) we riſe, paſs over

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the ſame things as the day before, and to Bed. Nor is to be omitted the improving our Minds there in Natural Philoſophy. By obſerving the Cuckow, telling us Summer is coming, and always in one Note, much like our living there; The Swallow taking her leave, and bidding us prepare good Fires, for Winter's at hand; The number of Field Mice foretelling the increaſe of Owls; The quantity of Haws, what Woodcocks we are like to catch; and the Cow heaving her Rump againſt Rain. Then, to ſhew my ſelf a publick-ſpirited Perſon, and born for the Good of my Country, my Cloſet is made an *Apothecary's Shop*, and every morning numbers attending at my *Levee* with itchy Fingers, kib'd Heels, and ſcabby Heads. Alſo the Diverſions we have there; A Comedy of Original Clowns at *Chriſtmas*, whereas we are contented with Copies of them in Town. A full Dinner ſpeaks the *Prologue*, the *Acts* are continued with lofty Feats of Activity, jumping over Stools, throwing Weights from their Knees, and breaking their Shins; walking on Trenchers, and breaking their Noſes; the dangerous Adventures of Snap-dragons, and the like.

At

At last, *March*-Beer strikes the *Epilogue*; all get drunk, and lie scatter'd about the Fields next morning. Not to mention the *Interludes* of *May-day*, Harvest-Feasts, Mummings, Wakes, and Wassel-Bowls. Now this Country-Life coming so near the State of Innocence, we ought religiously to approach it: therefore give me but some Thirty Years to shake off the Follies and Vanities of the Town, that I may come fitly prepar'd, and then you may hear further of my Resolutions herein, from,

Sir, &c.

LETTER XII.

To a Gentleman that boasted of a Lady's Favours.

THo' some wou'd say your Face must be well arm'd with Brass, to bear all Batteries, in appearing again; yet I rather think your late Conduct was an effect of your Ingenuity, fairly to let me know what a slight leaky Vessel you were, to warn me, before I ventur'd any thing of moment by you; except it was that you were ambitious to let the World understand you was not us'd to Ladies Favours, by making such a noise of one, thence to encourage your Rivals, by satisfying them you were out of hopes of more: For Ladies Favours are like a Fairy Treasure, which vanish upon Discovery. Since your Talent lies not in engaging in Amours, it wou'd be more profitable for you to follow it in its own way, and get a Town Crier's place; where tho'

tho' you have but a Groat for ſtretching your Lungs, it will turn to more Account than all your future Favours you are likely to receive this way. Certainly Nature (tho' ſhe miſtook your Sex) deſign'd you for a Midwife, to open your Mind of all you knew at next Goſſipping. Yet the truth is, I ought not to impute that to your Fault, which is your Infirmity; for ſince you have not ſtrength of Brain to digeſt a Secret, you muſt of neceſſity throw it up. But after all, the cauſe might be in my ſelf; for I began to repent my Kindneſs; ſo apprehending change of Weather, the Aſs fell a braying, as it is but natural to that Animal. Yet I would not quite break with you, leſt I ſhou'd have occaſion to publiſh my Mind in ſome things; and then it is but giving it You under the Seal of Secrecy, confirming it with a Smile, and then I need not doubt of all the Town's ſoon knowing of it. But I think it great Cruelty to impoſe upon you the keeping of a Secret, ſince it puts you to ſo much pain till you are delivered of it: therefore ſhall not load you herein for the future beyond your ſtrength, but meaſure out

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my Kindneſs by *your Capacity*; which yet will be a Kindneſs, ſince it will put it out of your power to commit ſuch little Follies, which may expoſe you to the Ridicule of the reſt of our Sex, as they have already done to that of,

Sir, &c.

LET-

LETTER XIII.

To an Alderman at Dublin.

I Muſt be very ſtupid, not to perceive the many Honours your Propoſals wou'd conſer upon me; That I ſhou'd take place of all the Cheeſemongers, Butchers, and Chandlers Wives, in the Ward whereof you are Alderman; That on the *Lord Mayor's day*, *Eaſter*, and other *Shew-days*, I ſhou'd appear in my Glaſs-Coach, the Idol of all the Oyſter-wives, Coſtermongers, Coblers, Tinkers, Stocking-menders, and 'Prentices; my Heroe moving before in his Enſigns of Royalty, of Purple or Scarlet, with a huge Jack-Chain about his Neck, mounted on a Steed capariſon'd with a load of guilt Braſs. But then the expectations of ſeeing the day which will make him a Lord for a Year, and the Lord knows what for ever after! with all the Glories of his Inauguration! The Triumphal Pageants, adorn'd with

the Spawn of Broom-men and Goldfinders, metamorphos'd into Gods and Godesses; and one of them making a Speech in wicked Rhime in praise of his Honour's heroick Actions: But above all, a particular Pageant, representing the Noble Employments of his Life, whether it were Cooper, Soap-boyler, or Feltmaker, and the Artificers of his Calling at their Employ. Then (like Queen-Regent) I take place of the last Mayoress, whilst she remains but Dowager; but the mischief is, when the Year is out, shou'd a Tallow-Chandler be Mayor, he sets his Pot of Kitching-stuff above me, whilst my Sovereign Lord remains *abdicated* for ever. However, while he Reigns, his Power is Despotick over 'Prentices, Night-walkers, and Vagabonds. Nor are his Revenues small, which he raises like the Great Turk: For as He presents his Vassals with brave Horses, rich Saddles, *&c.* with assurance of a manifold return; so his Lordship on his Festival Days presents Spoons, more fit for his Subjects, to feed their Children, (which they cannot want, if their Wives are handsome and fruitful) and is presented back with divers times their value. Nor are

to be omitted his ſolemn Cavalcades, with all his Train, when he ſits on his Horſe, with his Scales in his hand (like the Picture of Juſtice) weighing Butter and Bread in the Streets, with many other awful Solemnities, as full of Grandeur. But all theſe Honours will not tempt me to pull the Curſe of the Poor upon me, by defeating all their Hoſpitals of their expectations, whilſt you remain ſingle; and prevent your being a Father to the Poor, by being a Father to your own, or your Wife's Children, (which we know is the ſame thing to a Citizen;) which wou'd alſo leſſen the Noble Obſequies might hereafter attend your Funeral, when the Blue-coat Boys ſhou'd bawl their Thanks to Heaven for your Charity and timely Deceaſe. Your deſiſting herein, wou'd therefore be for your own Honour, as well as the Eaſe of,

Sir, &c.

LETTER XIV.

To a Gameſter.

I Always lov'd Courage in a Man, and in my opinion a Gameſter ſhews greater proof of it than a Soldier, ſince it argues a Mind more ſtrongly made up to bear a perpetual Miſery, (which the Gameſter continually hazards) than the ſudden diſpatch of a Soldier. This is uſually attended by another prime Vertue in you, which is ſo conſcientious an Honeſty, that you are ſo far from incroaching on the Right of others, that you are ſcrupulous whether you have a Right to your own, by continually putting it to the Teſt. Then you ſhew a Philoſophical Contempt of the World, by throwing away at a Caſt all you retain of it; and with great Bravery of Mind defie Fortune, by often putting it out of her Power to hurt you. You ſo much ſlight the guilded Bubble Honour, (that Idol of vain Fools) that

that when your Money is gone, you pawn it for more, and throw it after the reſt; then grace the Burial of both together with a Volley of Oaths. But you muſt give me time to reduce my Affections to this Philoſophical way of living; for I muſt confeſs I am not yet ſo mortified to the World, as to be content, after I have been one day in the Park with my Coach and Equipage, next day (they being loſt) to trudge in the dirt afoot; nor ſo fallen out with my Plate and Jewels, as to deſire they ſhou'd all in one night be baniſh'd from my ſight for ever; nor yet ſo ſollicitous of Vexation, as to put my ſelf in a way to be teaz'd out of my Jointure afterwards. When I am Miſtreſs of ſo much Vertue as to riſe to this height of Contentment, your Addreſs (but not before) may be acceptable to,

Sir, &c.

LET-

LETTER XV.

To an Usurer.

SInce Money commands all things, and You command That, of what extent must *My* Empire be, that have the Dominion over You, as you let me understand? And over a Person who hath all the Arts, not only to keep, but to improve his Wealth; and by such laudable ways, tending to the increase of Piety, and the Good of the Commonwealth! By ruining of Widows and Orphans, you raise Objects for Charity; and if some did not make Objects, others wou'd want Objects to exercise their Charity upon, and so Charity wou'd be banish'd out of the World. You prevent young Heirs (committed to your charge) from being debauch'd with the Allurements and Temptations of the World, by cheating them of their Estates. By your supplying of Prodigals, you occasion the circulation of

of Money; and if you take their Land at half the value, it is yet a kindneſs to them, ſince you diſburden them of a load above their manage. If you lend Money to young Merchants at Forty in the Hundred on good Pledges, to pay Foreign Bills and Cuſtom, you occaſion thereby that the King hath his due, and the Merchant is kept on his legs: And ſince it is the Will of Heav'n that ſome ſhou'd fall and others riſe, You are the Inſtruments of Providence to pull down the firſt, to make room for the laſt. You are the moſt loving Husbands in the World, ſince you love your Wives infinitely above your ſelves, ſending them to Heav'n through Afflictions, whilſt you are contented your ſelves to run headlong to Hell through Oppreſſions; and the moſt tender Fathers in Nature, going to the Devil your ſelves, to make your Children great in the World; nay, your laſt Breath expires in an Act of Juſtice, for then you give the Devil his due, and defraud him not of his Purchaſe, after he hath taken ſo much pains to make you his own. What tho' your Memory ſtink and rot? Why ſhou'd That fare better than the Body, which of the Beſt

must ſtink and rot? But ſince it is neceſſary I ſhou'd ſhake hands with all Pleaſures, which I muſt expect to be debarr'd of when I am your Wife, (except you wou'd let Me out to Uſe as well as your Money) and alſo to take leave of all my Friends, not being likely then to be in a Capacity of receiving Viſits; All which when I have done to my ſatisfaction, you ſhall receive Advice thereof, from

Sir, &c.

LET-

LETTER XVI.

To a Gentleman that courted all he came near.

HAD I been left out of your Catalogue of Saints, I had fancy'd my ſelf thrown by like the common Rubbiſh of the World: but now take not a little Pride to ſhine in the Firmament of Stars. But you tell me a Paradox, *That you will now be conſtant*; which is impoſſible; for ſhou'd you be conſtant to One, you wou'd be inconſtant to your own Nature, which is always given to change. Beſides, it wou'd be a great diſadvantage to you; for now the ſame Complement ſerves our whole Sex, whereas ſhou'd you fix to one, Variety wou'd be expected: and doubtleſs the reaſon why you make but one Addreſs to the ſame Perſon, is becauſe you know not what to ſay a ſecond time. Methinks it were a more fit uſe, than to make a Husband of you, to drive a Spike through

through your Sconce, and fix it on a Spire for a Weather-cock, where it might turn to court every freſh Blaſt of Wind. Nor would there be danger of hurting your Brains; for had you any, you cou'd not be of this fickle Humour; ſince it ſhews want of Judgment in your Choice, or of Reaſon in your Deſiſting. Or if ever you had any Brains, doubtleſs that Windmill in your Head hath ground them to Muſtard by this time; which yet are not wholly loſt to you, that being, you know, proper Sawce for a Gooſe. But I admire, ſince you ſtill covet a change of good Faces you can bear with the repetition of your own in a Glaſs! except it be, that when you are juſt come from an handſome one, you view your own for variety. Yet, after all, (to confeſs the truth) I really believe that you are wrong'd in your Character; and that your continually changing ariſeth not from an Inconſtancy in your own Nature, but from the Unkindneſs of our Sex; whilſt You, finding the Wind begin to veer about, ſail off with a Side-wind, before it blow full in your Face, as it will ſpeedily do, if you fly not

with

with ſpeed, and for ever after deſiſt from farther attempts upon,

Sir, &c.

LETTER XVII.

To an Old Batchelor.

THo' ſome might object againſt the tender of your Affections, after the infinite rejections you have met with from our Sex; and conclude, that having been ſo often blown upon, you muſt of neceſſity be full of Maggots by this time: yet I muſt confeſs it hath a different Influence upon me, and is an Argument of much Bravery of Mind, and Noble Fortitude, that after ſo many Repulſes and eternal Batteries you ſhou'd have the Courage ſtill to face the Enemy; and tho' you have the ignominious Terms thrown upon you, of *Driv'ling*, *Sniv'ling*, *Moulay*, *Muſty*, *Fuſty*, *dry'd old Toadſtool*, fit for nothing but to make Gunpowder to ſhoot at Cats

Cats with: what can ſhew a greater Magnanimity, than patiently to go through theſe Sufferings, and, like the Palm-Tree, to ſhoot up through all Oppreſſions? But ſhou'd I accept of your Propoſals, you have been ſo us'd to denials, that you wou'd not know what I meant by Conſent; but concluding your conſtant Fate attended you, raiſe the Siege, and leave me as a Town not worth owning. Or ſhou'd you in time be brought to conceive my meaning, it wou'd certainly be dangerous to alter a Habit, which Cuſtom hath made a ſecond Nature to you. Beſides, an univerſal Curſe wou'd be fix'd upon me, for depriving the Town of their continual Jeſt. Therefore be adviſ'd to plod on in your old beaten Road, till Boys make Potguns of your Shins, to diſcharge in a Volley at your Interment, where all our Sex will be Mourners, for your defeating them of the Object of their Mirth, and in a more particular manner,

Sir, &c.

LET-

LETTER XVIII.

To a very big, fat Gentleman.

I Wonder you can desire a speedy Answer, when it will take a Months time to examine you all over: Nor can I do it but in the cool of the evening, for the thoughts of You wou'd put me into a Sweat at any other time. Besides, I must take time to prepare a Room with a ground-floor, lest your weight in another shou'd sink us both into the Cellar in the midst of our Amours, where soak'd in a Butt of Sack, we might after be serv'd up in Pickles. But, in general, I must acknowledge you a very Great Offer, sufficient, if equally divided, to serve ten reasonable Women. Nor do I doubt of the Antiquity of your Pedigree, supposing you descended in a right Line from one of the Giants before the Flood, whom *Noah* took into the Ark to carry out the Camels and Elephants, in case they shou'd have

have been Sea-ſick by tumbling upon the Waters. Nor is your Bulk a little advantage to you, ſince, ſhou'd you incline to Wickedneſs, you might defie the Devil's venturing to fetch ſuch a load; except he ſlic'd you out, and carry'd you by parcels. Nay, ſuch a value I have for your Perſon, that I had rather have That ſettl'd upon me in Jointure than your Land; being well aſſur'd, in caſe I am Survivor, I may raiſe a great Sum by your Tallow, and furniſh all the Markets with your Tripes; And doubtleſs that Mountain of Mummy wou'd be of great advantage to my Poſterity, by diſpoſing of it to Apothecaries. But yet I muſt acknowledge I have not Courage enough to venture on your Mightineſs; for as *Jove* lying with *Semele* burnt her to Aſhes, ſo undoubtedly wou'd you ſtew me to a Jelly: And ſhou'd you chance to roul over me in your Sleep, you wou'd certainly leave me as flat as a Pancake. Therefore, if you wou'd render your ſelf agreeable to me, you muſt reduce that Load of Lumber: To which end, let your Drink be only Vinegar, your Bread made of Oatmeal mix'd with Sand,

to

to scowre the better, and your Bed a Bag of Flints. All this endur'd but one Year, or only till you may be drawn through a Gold Ring, and you may meet with a ready compliance from,

Sir, &c.

LETTER XIX.

To a Merchant.

ON the Tenth inſtant your Veſſel arrived on our Coaſt, fraught with your Brains for an Adventure: But, whether they were damag'd before ſhipp'd off, or ſuffer'd by ſome Storm after, they appear now but in a ſcurvey condition; which has done you that diſcredit, that your Bills are all proteſted. But I underſtand your farther deſign is to Man my Frigat: I'll take care, I'll aſſure you, how you come under Hatches; for they that adventure on your Sex, meet Storms enough on Land, they need not take the Sea into the Articles. Beſides, I hear continually of ſuch ſad Accidents, either by careleſneſs in the Gun-room, or in your other Affairs, that I ſhou'd be continually in fear of your being blow'd up. And how diſagreeable is it, that whilſt you are chaffering for rotten Raiſins and mouldy Figs in

in a Foreign Country, I ſhou'd lie under the mercy of your 'Prentice at home! and when I expect you to return richly laden, and odoriferouſly perfum'd with Gums, Spices, and Ambergreece, find you only ſtrongly ſcented with Tar, Punch, and Tobacco; and laden with more Foreign Vices, than your Carracks with Foreign Commodities! Yet, if I lov'd you well, I muſt be always wiſhing you at Sea, to keep you in a ſtate of Salvation; for you never pray but when y'are in danger of ſinking. You ſee Wives under ſo much Slavery abroad, that you grow Tyrants at home; and the only charming Quality in you is, that you puniſh them not much with your Converſation. But that not being a ſufficient counter-ballance for the reſt, I muſt deſire you to hoiſt Sail and be gone, for here is no anchoring in my Haven. Shou'd you threaten further chace, know I am a tight Frigat, light built, and a nimble Sailer, ſo ſhall bear off with all the Sail I can make, till you have loſt ſight for ever of,

Sir, &c.

LETTER XX.

To a Gentleman on his Similes.

I Had a tolerable opinion of my ſelf, at leaſt thought I might have been a humane Creature, till I found my ſelf repreſented in your Letter for a Monſter, patch'd up out of Animals, Vegetals, and Minerals: For you give me Cats Eyes to ſhine in the dark; Cherries for Lips; and a Mouth like an Oyſter, with Pearl in it inſtead of Teeth; my Complexion is of Lillies, with Roſes ſtuck on them inſtead of Cheeks; 'tis well you remember'd the Roſes, or you had made a Ghoſt of me before my time; tho' I think Strawberries and Cream had been a more natural Complexion: Then a Neck of Alabaſter; you ſhou'd have carv'd me all out of Stone, like *Pygmalion*, and then I had been of a piece: But I wonder you ſhou'd find fault with my Heart being of Rock, ſince that and my Neck are the only agreeable parts, being

being both of Stone. To give the Monſter a ſutable Mind, you call me Witch, in that I have charm'd you, and ſay I ſteal into your Devotions, and ſo miſtake me for the Devil, whoſe Office that is. Then for employment you give me a Jaylor's place, and ſay I have put Chains and Fetters upon you; calling me alſo cruel and hard-hearted, which is a ſutable diſpoſition for that Poſt. But what is moſt ſtrange of all is, that believing me this abominable Creature, you pretend to love me. Now if I be not all this, you abuſe me, and muſt expect a ſutable return: but if I really am this, and you as really love me, 'tis impoſſible I ſhou'd have a good opinion of your Judgment, or that you are in your right Senſes; and by conſequence, that Helebore and Sleep wou'd be more beneficial to you than any return of Affection from,

Sir, &c.

LETTER XXI.

To an old Gentleman.

AGe being honourable in it ſelf, it muſt certainly be a great Honour for me to receive reſpects from it; nor am I ignorant of the many advantages accruing from your Propoſals: That I ſhall enjoy the double Affections of a Father and a Husband; Your Wollens and Searcloths will keep me in a due ſenſe of my Mortality, from the thoughts of the Woollen Act and the *Ægyptian* Mummies; Your Impotency and Jealouſie may keep me to the performance of my Baptiſmal Vow, in renouncing the World and the Fleſh, and then we may defie the Devil. Your Deafneſs will ſecure my Brawlings from reprehenſion, and your Dimneſs my Imperfections from detection. Your Cough and Ptyſick will ſerve me for a Larum to call me up to my houſhold occaſions. I ſhall daily proſecute the principal End of

my

my Creation, which in our Sex is to be a Nurſe. I ſhall not be in danger of the certain Troubles, but uncertain Comforts, of Children. Shou'd I find my Body wickedly inclin'd, your ſlavering Kiſſes wou'd recover me to an averſion for the whole Sex. My Days wou'd paſs away in grave and wiſe Inſtructions, and my Nights in continual Reſt, free from thoſe diſturbances Youth might give me; nay, ſhou'd I not be ſatisfied with this courſe of Life, your years wou'd keep me in continual hopes of a better, and ſecure me from pining away for grief at your departure. In conſideration of theſe, and many more advantages, I moſt thankfully accept your noble proffers: But ſince old Men are ſaid to be a ſecond time Children, I wou'd only ſtay till you are grown up to be Man, and then be aſſur'd of a full compliance of all within the power of,

Sir, &c.

LETTER XXII.

To a great Drinker.

THo' your Enemies think to injure your Character, by repreſenting you a great Drinker, I muſt freely acknowledge I think it the only quality in you worthy regard, and that can give you any hopes of my good will: for a Man that is in Drink is not himſelf; and tho' I cou'd never fancy *your very ſelf*, I know not how I might *your other ſelf*. Then alſo, being reported to be loving in your Drink, I might be in hopes of your loving me the greateſt part of your life. Beſides, what a noble Spectacle muſt it be, to ſee my Heroe take up the whole Street to reel in State, valiantly defying every Poſt he meets, and ſo hardy as to batter them with his Noddle; then ſtrutting like an Emperour! Yet, to ſhew it's Greatneſs of Mind, and no Pride, to ſee him as often with all humility rouling himſelf in the Kennel!

Kennel! What tho' the Vulgar call you Beaſt? hath not *Jove* often transform'd himſelf into a Beaſt for his Recreations? And ſince happineſs ariſeth from the reſults of a Man's own Opinion, and not from what others pleaſe to opine for him; whoſe can be ſo great as the Drunkard's? who can be as Witty, Valiant, Great and Brave at the expence of a few Bottles of Wine, as others through great Toil, long Fatigue, and vaſt Expence. Then to obſerve your Wiſdom in your Wine, to hear you falter, liſp, and ſtammer, without one plain word, that you may not be trepann'd into Treaſon; and ſo prudent in your Affairs, as to caſt up your Accounts in Bed every night before you go to ſleep. Nay, your very Sleeps are divertive to great Souls, from the Warlike Noiſe your Bagpipe-Drone makes. But you promiſe you will give over this courſe of Life, which being the only Motive that inclin'd me in your favour, the renouncing that quality muſt by conſequence cancel that inclination in,

Sir, &c.

LETTER XXIII.

To a Projector.

I Am amaz'd that after your moſt ingenious new Projects, you ſhou'd engage in that dull old Project of Matrimony; but ſince it is ſo, I adviſe you to proſecute it, with the ſame indefatigable induſtry you do your other moſt darling Ideas, and then (as of them) there is likely to come nothing of it. But believe you ſhall accompliſh it, with all the aſſurance your Imagination can frame it to you, or your heart can wiſh, that I may not be acceſſary to the oppoſing Deſtiny; for you know it is the Fate of a Projector to be deceiv'd: Tho' I think it were Prudence not to proceed to tie this Knot, till you had found out another Project to untie it, if occaſion ſhou'd be; for doubtleſs upon the next new Notion you will be for laying this aſide; and then what pity will it be, to find ſo fruitful a Fancy fetter'd,

and

and what loſs to the Commonwealth! But were I worthy to adviſe, it ſhou'd be to change your thoughts of this Project for the inventing a Mathematical Engine to deſtroy Maggots, having ſuch an opportunity from the number of your own to make Experiments. And what a Product might come thence, from all thoſe of your own Tribe, as alſo from Vertuoſos, Chymiſts, Poets, Beaux, Fortune-ſtealers, *&c*! Thus you might become as uſeful in your Generation as Sir *T. C.* who invented the Flea-trap, to the great eaſe of Grooms, Footmen, and Oſtlers; or as *Sidrophel*, who invented a Rat-gin, into which Vermin wou'd run on purpoſe to be taken, to the ſaving a great expence of Cheeſe and Bacon in this Kingdom: but particularly by the deſtruction of your own, to the quiet of all that know you; and perhaps thence cure this Love-mange that hath infected you, and ſo occaſion no farther trouble in this kind to,

Sir, &c.

LET-

LETTER XXIV.

To a young Scholar, newly come from the Univerſity.

I Muſt be very blind, not to ſee the many Graces of your Perſon, your ſimpering Smile, your formal Bow, your eloquent Hums and Hau's; and, if my barbarous expreſſions may not offend your learned ears, your Hat and Band in *cuerpo*, and your *queer looks*; and tho' my dulneſs will not let me perceive any Wit in your Language, for ought I know it may be very learned. Of all which my Merits being infinite ſhort, it may be more advantageous to your Preferment to flatter ſome Great Man for a Chaplainſhip, in hopes of a ſmall Benefice, ty'd to an antiquated Chambermaid, skill'd in Salves and Marmalade, that may cure and comfort the *Bodies* of your Flock whilſt You cure their *Souls*; that may underſtand to nurſe up your little Tith-Pigs, and diſpoſe of your Tith-

Tith-Egs in Caudles, to nouriſh you after your edifying Labours. What tho' in ſuch a Poſt you grace the lower-end of my Lord's Table, riſe when the Tarts come, and ſtand Centinel by the Ciſtern? or ſhou'd his People ſend you two or three miles in the morning to take the Air for Egs and Butter? you know Humility is the Glory of your Function. But ſince your Eſtate lies in an Ounce or two of Brains, be careful in your Morning's Walk to keep your Head warm; for 'tis not impoſſible, after all theſe Condeſcentions, to come to be a Biſhop; and tho' there be ten thouſand Blanks in that Lottery to one ſuch Benefit, yet you have the more encouragement, in having the Proverb on your ſide to be *fortunate*; and then I will not doubt of your Bleſſing in return for this Advice; till when I intreat no more of your precious time may be caſt away upon,

Sir, &c.

LET-

LETTER XXV.

To a travell'd Gentleman.

IS it poſſible that You, who have ſeen ſo much of the World, ſhou'd be content to be ty'd up in one corner of it? But what you ſay being only on the Faith of a Traveller, ſhou'd I credit it, I might rather become the Object of your Jeſt than of your Eſteem; For it were in vain for me to think to monopolize to my ſelf a perſon who hath a Miſtreſs in every Country to retire to. Or cou'd I detain you, the Bird which makes the whole Groves echoe whilſt he hath the open Region to range in, being confin'd to a Cage, grows ſullen, and ſings not at all. Beſides, you are generally ſo charm'd with the contemplative Lives of the *Italian* Wives, that you expect the like Vertue at home: and I muſt acknowledge I am not yet ſo fallen out with the World, as to be willing to be lock'd up from all Converſe in it. But, to do

do you Juſtice, tho' you run in purſuit of other Tongues till you forget the Propriety of your own, it muſt be confeſs'd that generally you are ſo far from that Pedantick Inclination, that you bring home more Foreign Diſeaſes than Foreign Languages. But then Travel ſo improves your Minds, and ſo opens your Eyes to ſee thoſe Improvents, that you expect a regard accordingly: Now my ſtupidity being ſo great, that I cannot ſee the leaſt improvement you have made; but, on the contrary, that you carried out a *Man*, and brought home a *Monſter*, patch'd up with the ſhreds of divers Languages and Manners, may fail in my reſpect to you. So, ſhou'd you continue your ſollicitations to ſuch an undeſerving Creature, I muſt conclude, that as all Travellers are ſubject to Loſſes, ſo you have had the misfortune to loſe your Brains, and then muſt enjoin you to travel once more till you find them, and till that time to defer any farther Addreſs to

Sir, &c.

LET-

LETTER XXVI.

To a Gentleman that pleaded the Merit of his Love.

DOubtleſs a real Love to a Perſon merits a great Regard and Eſteem from the Perſon belov'd: But ſome are ſo fooliſh, as to miſtake a Love for Themſelves for an Affection for their Miſtreſſes; thinking an earneſt and reſtleſs Induſtry to obtain them only for a gratification of their own Fancies, muſt paſs for a Love to Them: and that they extremely oblige them, when they court them to embrace their own Averſion. Their Vint'ners will expect other Pay beſides their being pleas'd with their Wines; but theſe Sparks eſteeming their Miſtreſſes of cheaper Purchaſe than a Bottle of Wine, think it a valuable conſideration for their Surrender, if they are pleas'd to do them the Honour to like them. But I have another opinion of *your ſelf*, and wou'd believe Yours an honourable

rable Affection for Me, unmix'd with Self-intereſt, which is mercenary; and ſuch muſt of neceſſity tend to the accompliſhing my Happineſs. To confirm me therein, I deſire but theſe Proofs: That when I ſee a perſon in whoſe Affections I can have a proſpect of all that Felicity which you ſay you ſhould enjoy in Me, I may have your beſt aſſiſtance in recommending my Character to him; for doubtleſs you will ſpeak well of one you ſo much love: Or, at leaſt, ſince you fancy it a Heaven to be in my Arms, you will decline farther Addreſſes till I alſo fancy it a Heaven to be in Your Arms. This you are in Honour oblig'd to, from your own words, ſince you ſay, *You deſire my Good more than your own*; the eaſe alſo your deſiſting herein will give me, will be a farther demonſtration of your Affection towards,

Sir, &c.

LET-

LETTER XXVII.

To a Lawyer.

I Muſt acknowledge a perſon of your prodigious Parts rather an Object for my Admiration than Converſation; being utterly incapacitated to hold Diſcourſe with one who is able to put to ſilence the moſt Learned of your own Sex, either by ſtrength of Argument, or by making them deaf with your Noiſe. You can confute the Philoſophers Notion of No *Vacuum*, by daily proofs of the contrary in your Clients Purſes. You can diſprove their Maxim, *That all that hath a beginning muſt have an ending*, by ſhewing them there is no end of the immortal Suit. You have the Power of Creation, and can make a long Suit out of nothing; the Art of Divination, and

can

can foretel the Fate of your Client's Cauſe by the length of his Bags; alſo the Art of Multiplication, by giving perplexity enough for one Fee, may bring you in ten. You know the Secrets of Peoples Hearts better than themſelves, and can inform them what to ſwear. You have an abſolute Dominion over their Conſciences, and can ſize them to any Cauſe and Fee. If any come to you *Forma Pauperis*, you let them return *Forma Pauperis*, as thinking it a Preſumption to change the Figure Providence hath ſtamp'd upon them. You have a full Command over your Paſſions, can rail at your Adverſary at the Bar till you foam at the mouth, and next moment ſhake hands with him over a Glaſs of Wine, and laugh at your Client: But when occaſion is, you are very careful of his Health, by letting him breathe with Writs of Error, Demurrer, &c. when he is out of breath, that he may the more freſhly purſue his Game. You are ſo firm to your Friend, that you ſtick cloſe to him whilſt he hath the ſtrength of one Fee left; but when all the World hath forſaken him, you think

it not Prudence to appear ſingular. Nor are your other vertuous ways to Wealth to be omitted: You innocently undo Men with Equity, whilſt others wickedly ruine them with Oppreſſion. To ſhew you are no Reſpecter of Perſons, you take Fees on both ſides; and to ſhew your Juſtice, you let him that gives moſt have moſt for his Money, and carry the Cauſe; letting them underſtand, that ſince Juſtice is the richeſt Jewel, it ought to bear the greateſt Price. From theſe, and the like Noble Endowments, I think our Sex much unworthy to be your Yoak-fellows. But if you are ambitious of Iſſue, e'en lie with a pair of old Indentures, and get a Scrivener, that may live to curſe his Father, for getting him with no more Senſe than to write *Noverint Univerſi*; and when you are *Subpœna'd* hence to the Court above (where the Souls of all your Clients will be Proſecutors) may he flea off your Skin to make Parchment, which may bear this Inſcription for your Epitaph:

Here

Here lies a Lawyer, ſold each blaſt of breath,
Till at the Bar he bawl'd himſelf to Death;
Who, tho' to th' Courts he ev'ry Term did trudge,
Had his Quietus *e're he was a Judge. (rail,*
Nature and Strength promis'd more years to
But Death (alas!) hath cut off the Entail.

Sir, &c.

Your Letter ſhews your much diſcon-
pos'd; and, altho' it be not my
Profeſſion, for once I'll turn Doctreſs to
do you good. You ſay you are forc'd
with Lightning from my Eyes, talk much
of Fire and Flames. This denotes a high
Fever; take away fifty Ounces of Blood;
let your Drink be only Milk and Water;
your highſt Diet Watergruel, with ſo-
ſparing Juice; and they may help. As for
your laying the Cauſe on my Eyes, alas!
I do not remember that I ever look'd up-
on you; it ſhews you were light-headed.
It ſeems you reſt not day nor night: Take
a Doſe of Laudanum. 'Tis ſaid, Thoughts
prevent Sleep; therefore counſel your ſelf
to think on nothing but what is good, and
you will ſoon come not to think at all.
You ſay, you walh your Pillow with your

LETTER XXVIII.

Advice to a Gentleman.

Sir, &c.

YOur Letter ſhews you much diſtemper'd; and, altho' it be not my Profeſſion, for once I'll turn Doctreſs to do you good. You ſay you are ſcorch'd with Lightning from my Eyes, talk much of Fire and Flames. This denotes a high Fever; take away fifty Ounces of Blood; let your Drink be only Milk and Water; your higheſt Diet Watergrewel, with frequent Juleps, and they may help. As for your laying the Cauſe on my Eyes, alas! I do not remember that I ever look'd upon you; it ſhews you were light-headed. It ſeems you reſt not day nor night: Take a Doſe of *Laudanum*. 'Tis ſaid, Thoughts prevent Sleep; therefore confine your ſelf to think on nothing but what is good, and you will ſoon come not to think at all. You ſay, you waſh your Pillow with your Tears:

Tears: This indicates a moiſt Brain. If the Rheum be more offenſive through your Eyes, take Snuff or Tobacco, to bring it through your Noſe or Mouth: But beware of Helebore in your Snuff; it is a great opener, and may let your Brains out through your Noſe, if you have any thing beſides Rheum in your head. You tell me, you draw your tedious hours out in Grief and Sorrow: This is a Fit of the Spleen; put a little Saffron in your Grewel, 'tis a great Chearer of the Spirits. Your continual Sighing is only Wind; a few Cardamum Comfits will ſoon expel it. As for what you ſay of Chains, Bonds and Fetters, I ſuppoſe it only a cleanly expreſſion, by which you mean you are bound or coſtive; and then a Clyſter againſt the World. Till I hear you are perfectly cur'd of all theſe Maladies, you'll pardon me if I reſolve wholly to ſhun your Converſation, leſt your Diſtemper may be contageous, and infect,

Sir, &c.

LETTER XXIX.

To a Gentleman that us'd to make a Jeſt of Marriage.

YOU will find my Advice (if follow-ed) of greater kindneſs to you than you court me to; which is by all means to continue in your former Sentiments: For what pity were it, that You, who had a Jeſt for every body, ſhou'd become every bodies Jeſt? And your ingenious Arguments had that influence upon me, that the very ſight of you always rais'd my Averſion to Marriage; tho', to confeſs my weakneſs, I was apt to relapſe in your abſence. Beſides, by that time I had chang'd my Opinion again, you might be re-converted, and ſo we ſhou'd always meet, like two Buckets, only for a claſh and away. Tho' all before believ'd it was your deſpair of Succeſs, and not averſion to the thing, detain'd you from it; yet

you might have had the ſelf-ſatisfaction to have fancied others as ſhort of apprehenſion as your dull Jeſts were of ſenſe; beſides the advantage you had of a common Theme, in which (if you had any Memory) you cou'd never be non-pluſt, ſince it were only repeating what is daily ſaid a thouſand times over. And how much handſomer look'd it (like crafty *Reynard*) to ſay, *Tuſh, the Grapes were ſour*, becauſe out of reach, than like the Oaph to cry, *I wou'd if I cou'd!* Cou'd I be poſſibly brought to entertain your Amour, it cou'd only be on full aſſurance that you wou'd be conſtant to your new Principles; nor can I find any way to be ſatisfied herein, but by your continuing as firm to them for as long time as you did to your former; ſo that after ſome Twenty five Years proof, without the leaſt deviation (and if I continue my ſelf ſo long in the ſame mind) your Offers may be farther harken'd to, by,

Sir, &c.

LETTER XXX.

To the new Prognoſticator of the Weather.

WHere the Publick is oblig'd, each private perſon is ſo, and ought accordingly to be grateful in their Acknowledgments; wherefore I hereby preſent you with my Friends and my own Thanks, for your late curious Accounts. But I muſt confeſs I was at great expence in Hoods and Scarfs, before I cou'd underſtand them; being ſo fooliſh as to fancy, that when you ſaid *Fair* or *Foul* you was to be taken according to the Letter; not conſidering that occult Philoſophy was wrapt up in Terms as hidden: But at laſt I found you was to be read backward, like a Witches Prayer, and that you meant *Foul* when you ſaid *Fair*, and ſo on the contrary; and by this Calculation I find you generally true. I meet with many Opinions about the Methods you take

take for your Diſcoveries: Some believe you keep a Set of Familiars, that you ſend the laſt day of the Month to ſcour the four Quarters, and bring you an Account what Squadrons of Winds are deputed from each Quarter, and what Cargo of Showres they are charg'd with. Others think you have a bitter Scold for a Wife, and that from her Aſpects you can tell for a Month together what Weather you are like to have, what Storms will riſe; and alſo of the Showres (which frequently follow in our Sex;) and ſo concluding (according to the Song) that *every Woman is the ſame*, make thence your Calculation for the whole Kingdom. But ſome will have it that you deal downright with the Devil, who (being the *Father of Lies*) occaſions that you have not the luck of a common *Almanack-maker*, to ſpeak Truth by chance. But the more thinking imagin the *Myſtery* to be couch'd in that hard word, *BAROMETER*: and ſome (no more Learned than my ſelf) asking my Opinion, what might be meant thereby? I told them, I thought the *Engliſh* of the word was, *a huge over-grown Maggot*; which,

which, according to the erecting and depreſſing his Head in your *Pericranium*, (like the riſe and fall of the Quickſilver in the vulgar Glaſſes) indicated to you *Foul* and *Fair*; and that by his Tail you foretold the *Wind*, according as he vented himſelf that way. But doubtleſs you are in the right (if you go by an Inſtrument) to make them *Portable*, that they may be readily carry'd out of the Kingdom, being likely to have but a ſhort run here. Yet, between our ſelves, I believe all that to be but a Blind, and that what you go by is the *Sciatica*, or *ſomething elſe* in your Bones, and ſo prudently began at the Fall of the Leaf, ſince *Spring* and *Fall* are likely to be your ſureſt times: wherefore, for the Good of the Publick, and your own private Profit, the increaſe thereof will heartily be wiſh'd, by,

Sir, &c.

LET-

LETTER XXXI.

To a Gentleman who promis'd to forſake his kept Miſtreſs for her ſake.

IT muſt certainly be a high demonſtration of your Affection, to ſacrifice your dear Saint to your Paſſion for Me; nor can any thing be ſo pleaſing to the imperious Vanity of our Sex, as to inſult on the Ruins of a former Miſtreſs: But methinks your Propoſal carries a Caution along with it, That I am to be upon my good Behaviour, otherwiſe a Precedent is pointed out for me, of what I muſt likewiſe expect; and then (if I knew not how to live without you) I ſhou'd chuſe rather to be your Miſtreſs than your Wife; the firſt, if forſaken, is baniſh'd into Liberty; but the poor Wife into a ſtricter Confinement. But after all, if you ſhou'd be now ſick of the Miſtreſs, and take this opportunity only to break

with

with her: what a hopeful Proof of your Conſtancy muſt this be to Me? and what a Jeſt ſhou'd I deſerve to become, to be vanquiſh'd by an inſtance of your Falſhood? Nay, I ſhall be won on worſe terms than your Wench; ſhe might know of no Falſhood in you, whilſt you make That your Argument to Me. But methinks it had been a better, to have told me ſhe had caſt You off; for then you had been free without any infringement of Honour. Yet I may wrong your Noble Diſpoſition herein, ſince after Marriage I might have found you ſo honourable as to be conſtant to your firſt Amours: and, to confeſs my frailty, there is not that ſweet Complacency in my Temper, as to take delight in being made another's Property. And, in my weak Judgment, it were more becoming to preſent a Wench with a Woman of Honour's leavings, than to preſent a Woman of Honour with a Wench's leavings: Therefore, if you think fit to make a tender of your Heart to Me, I ſhall make a tender of it to your Miſtreſs, as thinking She hath more Right to it, having doubtleſs pay'd dear for it by this time.

time. Yet, to make some return to your kind Offers, I know not how better to approve of your generous Action, than by following your Example, which shall be to sacrifice what good will I have for You to the next that addresses,

Sir, &c.

LET-

LETTER XXXII.

To a Shopkeeper.

'TIS, doubtleſs, ignorance of your way of living, makes Ladies think it a leſſening to be Shopkeepers Wives; for however the Husband confines himſelf to his Cell, the Wife takes her Liberty beyond any Lady; whilſt he is ſo far from Jealouſie of her not being Honeſt, that he is rather jealous leſt ſhe ſhou'd prove to be ſo, and he thereby diſabl'd from bearing up his Creſt as lofty as the reſt of his Neighbours; which wou'd bring his thriving into doubt, nay, be enough to bring his Creditors upon him. Then, in the Summer, her Pleaſure at *Epſom*, whither the Good Man comes down on *Saturday* nights, with his Gloves in one hand, and his Cane in t'other; and

and if he has her then, who's will may have her the reſt of the Week. Then the many Honours and Dignities he is capable of, and of conferring on Her. When he is Church-warden; to place her in one of the higheſt Pews; When he is Maſter of his Company, to ſet her at the upper-end of the Table; Then the joy of her heart to ſee him in Glory on a Training-day, wrapt up in Buff like a Heroe, and ſhooting at Butterflies in the *Artillery-ground*. Nay, ſhe goes not to Church without her Equipage of her Gentleman-Uſher (which is the Foreman of the Shop) leading her under the Arm, and two 'Prentices for Pages, following her. What tho' in a bitter morning ſhe ſits behind the Counter, dreſs'd like a Mermaid, only from her Waſte upwards? She hath all the Criers in the Town going by to divert her; and above all, her dear *Hubby* ſtill in view, ambling backwards and forwards (like a Conjurer in his Circle) his fifteen Foot compaſs before his Shop; ſometimes ſlapping his hands about his ſides to warm 'em. By and by the Foot-ball comes by; he kicks That, and another

ther kicks him; down falls *Timothy*, and ſprains his Huckle-bone; the 'Prentices with Pearls at their Noſes carry him in; whilſt his dear *Kixey-Wixey* is chafing him with *Hungary-Water*, out fly the Lads, away flies the Ball, and up fly their heels; by and by they return with batter'd Shins, to the great Conſumption of brown Paper and Candle-ends; which ſhe alſo adminiſters. Another time her Foot ſlips, and down comes She in the Dripping-pan; then the 'Prentices help Her; and thus you live in mutual Love and Tenderneſs together. But I muſt not omit your politick ways of Thriving, which wou'd have pos'd *Machiavel*, to get Money by being robb'd, and to Thrive by Breaking; that is, to rob your ſelves, and then compound with your Creditors upon it; and ſo, like a broken Bone well ſet, to become the ſtronger after. Alſo your ingenious Evaſions and mental Reſervations, clapping your hand on the Counter, and ſaying, *As ſure as I ſtand on this place alive, it coſt me ſo much---- I cannot maintain my Family at your Price*; that is, counting your

Horſe

Horſe and your Whore two of your Family: That *it coſt me ſo, or I ſtole it*; which may be no Lie neither, if you had a handſome opportunity in the Merchant's Warehouſe. What tho' you have a thouſand tricks of Shamming, Lying, Wheedling, Cozening, *&c.* ſince they all tend to get Money, which is for your good; and a deſign which tends to good, is a good deſign. Then you are the moſt complaiſant people living, with your Hat under your Arm, *Madaming* a Tripe-woman; and if you don't place your Reſpects right according to Degrees, it can be no great fault, ſince you ſee them in your Shop by a falſe Light: but if the Ladies are diſpleas'd at you for this, the Gentlemen ought to ſpeak well of you, ſince they are often beholding to You for your Credit, and to your Wives for their Kindneſs. Thus you may conclude how I muſt of neceſſity be charm'd with your way of living; and can only object, That your Air there is too cloſe for my Conſtitution; and ſhou'd you take a Houſe for me in the Country, it would put me in mind of your own Proverb of

the *Candle lighted at both ends*: therefore must banish you my thoughts for ever, for fear of being tempted to what may prove obnoxious to the health of,

Sir, &c.

LET-

LETTER XXXIII.

To a Gentleman of Birth and Title, but no Eſtate.

NOthing certainly charms our Sex like Titles of Honour, which feed our two darling Sins, Pride and Revenge; for by Them we may take place of thoſe have affronted us, and look down on them at a diſtance. Honour ſets the Stamp on us, and diſtinguiſhes us from the common Clay of the World. It gives us the Familiarity of the Great, and the Adorations of the Vulgar; makes our Healths, Sleeps, and Dreams enquir'd after: It enhanceth our Vertues, and caſts a Veil o're our Vices; nay, turns our Vices into Vertues: It gives us the Encomiums of the Poets whilſt living, and brave Epitaphs when dead. But ſuppoſing my ſelf this happy Creature, ſhou'd I call for my Page and half a dozen Footmen for the Park,

and find them all ſumm'd up in one dirty Boy, with a grey Coat turn'd up with Blue? Shou'd I expect about us at Dinner your Gentleman, Steward, Gentleman of the Houſe, Butler, and other Officers, find them all appear in the ſhape of one thin-jaw'd Coach-man? Or calling for my Chamber-maids, Houſe-maids, Landry-maids, and the reſt, find them all in the Figure of one frowzy Wench? Shou'd I, looking in my Wardrobe for Cloaths for the day, find them all compriz'd in one Stuff Gown? Or looking into my Cabinet of Jewels, find all my Crochets, Brochees, Lockets, Armelets, *&c.* contain'd in one *French* Pearl Necklace? and all my Plate conſiſt in two Silver Spoons and a Caudle cup? Shou'd I find all things thus, and all the World call me *Lady*, I cou'd never fancy my ſelf to be one. Therefore when you have found a way to fatten up this grinning Honour ſo as to ſmile upon me in a handſomer manner, you may expect a more favourable reception from,

Sir, &c.

LET-

LETTER XXXIV.

To a Courtier.

YOU acquaint me with the large hopes of Preferment you have from ſome Great Men, (and doubtleſs you are in the right to frame ſuch hopes to your ſelf, for Life without hopes were a dull fatigue) tho', I muſt confeſs, being of a healthful Conſtitution, I ſhou'd like to feed on a groſſer Diet: Yet, as for *Attendance* and *Dependance*, ſo much objected againſt by our Sex, I acknowledge I highly approve of them; only wou'd have the Subject-matter alter'd, and not to be on a Lord's Smiles; but the *Dependance* to be on a good Eſtate, and the *Attendance* the Management of it. It is very honourable to have many Followers, which none of the

Court want: The great Officers have those of Your Degree for their Followers, and You have your Tailers, Sempstresses, and Peruke-makers for your Followers; and all alike rewarded; for as the Great Ones pay You, you in like manner pay your Tailers and the rest; and no disgrace, since the more you owe, your Credit is certainly the greater; and it is more honourable to be one that is trusted, than one that no body will trust. Yet, if you pay not your Tradesmen, you generally pay their Wives, which is much the same thing in Law; nay, and in a Coin sticks longer by them than your Money would. Now I know not how more agreeably to answer your Addresses, than by giving you *Hope*, that being the Air, the Food, the Solace, the every thing you live in and upon at Court: Therefore hope most heartily of my Affections, with this Proviso, That you pretend not to it on better grounds than your other Hopes are founded on. And indeed I were not a fit Wife for a Courtier, could I not with Civility receive every Address, smile

ſmile on the Addreſſor, give him all Encouragement of his Suit, and never think on him after. That I may the ſooner arrive to this Qualification, the firſt Experiment ſhall inſtantly be made upon your ſelf, by,

Sir, &c.

LETTER XXXV.

To a Novice in Love.

BY no means pretend to the Title of a Lover, for at moſt you can be but a young Novice, not yet arriv'd to the Merit of a Smile; for you write tolerable Senſe, which a Lover ought to be ſo wide of, that he is to retain no part of his Five Senſes. When we are before his Eyes, he is not to ſee Us, but Stars, Conſtellations, Nymphs, and Goddeſſes: If we ſing, he muſt take no notice of Us, but fancy he hears the Spheres, *Syrens*, or the Choriſters of the Air: A Touch of us muſt put him into Rapture, till he is paſt the apprehenſions of what he feels: Inſtead of taſting our Kiſſes, he muſt taſte *Nectar* and *Ambroſia*; and fancy

fancy he ſmells all the Perfumes of *Arabia*, if perhaps our Fans only are ſcented. He muſt forſake the Society of Mankind, and converſe only with Groves and their Echoes, or in Soliloquies. He muſt forget all Literature, but ſo much as will ſerve to engrave the Name of his Saint on the Bark of Trees, and turn all his Reaſon into meer Rhime. He muſt forget to eat and drink, but conſume his Days in Sorrow, Sighs, and Tears, and his Nights in a lamentable Whine of his Pipe or Fiddle under his Miſtreſs's Window, till he brings all the neighbouring Cats and Owls, to bear a part in the doleful matter. Nor muſt his Fancy always retain the ſame Idea of us; ſometimes we muſt appear Godeſſes, as *Venus*, *Diana*, or whom he pleaſes; ſometimes in humane Shape; otherwhile Birds, as the Nightingale, Phœnix, *&c.* ſometimes the moſt ſavage Beaſts, as Wolves and Tygers; and ſometimes meer Stocks and Stones, as Rocks, Adamant, *&c.* nay, ſometimes he muſt jumble the whole Creation together to make a Form for us. He muſt alſo neglect his Dreſs, nay,

nay, ſo much as to wipe his Noſe; and if Nature hath not done her part ſufficiently, he muſt join Art to Nature, to make himſelf appear more an Als. Now till you are all this, you will not appear worthy to be thought a Lover; and when you are all this, I ſhall not think you worthy to be belov'd by,

Sir, &c.

LET-

LETTER XXXVI.

To a Vertuoso.

TO receive a Letter from a Vertuoso! Why, tis enough to bring all the reſt of your Sex into my contempt. How charming then muſt your Converſation be! To hear you in learned Arguments endeavour to prove there is no *Vacuum* in Nature, tho' at the ſame time your Heads open'd wou'd evince the contrary. To tell why a Tub of Water ſhall weigh no more with a live Carp put into it, than without the Carp? Why a Cask full of Aſhes will hold as much Water as an empty one? To give the natural Reaſons why a Dog turns round three times before he lies down? Why a Cat waſhes her Face againſt Rain? Whence the Aſs receives ſuch Pleaſure in his ſinging, when he ſeems to take ſo much Pains for it? Why a Gooſe ſtoops at going in at a Barn-door?

and

and whether it be for fear of hitting her Head againſt the top of the Barn? What Analogy the Brains of a Cod's Head hold with thoſe of a Vertuoſo's? Then to hear your curious Notions of the Rarefaction, Condenſation, Compreſſure, &c. of Air; and your proving a Man may f--t freer in a rarify'd Air than in a condens'd, becauſe there is not that compreſſure of ambient Air to keep it in; and the like fine Diſcoveries. Alſo your learned Diſcourſes of Atoms, computing how many go to a Barley-corn, and thence to know to a ſingle Atom how many went to the building the World. To acquaint us with their Figures; that a Vertuoſo's Brains are compounded with round ones, which is the reaſon they are in a perpetual Motion, to no purpoſe; That his Brain-pan is compoſed of hooked ones, which hold his Underſtanding ſo faſt, that none is ever perceiv'd to come out; and ſo of other Figures and their Ends. Thus after all your Labours and Studies, you may moſt juſtly ſay with the Philoſopher, (and 'tis allow'd for a wiſe ſaying) *That all that you know is, that you know nothing.* As to

the

the Paſſion you ſpeak of, I ſhall not ſay any thing; not doubting but you have made Experiments on it, as on Air, to which it is ſo near a-kin, and by this time have rarity'd it to an *Æther*, and from thence to nothing: but your Converſation without that (when I have nothing elſe to divert me) will be very acceptable to,

Sir, &c.

LETTER XXXVII.

To a Gentleman of the Town.

THat you are a great Sufferer for Love, as you write, I am very apt to believe, and am the more convinc'd by your tender Tread, ſnuffling in your Speech, and other Symptoms; and as all blinded with Love, are ſubject to Errors, ſo are you not wanting in mortifying your ſelf with ſevere Penance for expiation thereof, by your ſtrict Diet, and reclusive way of living, retir'd from the World, Spring and Fall. But you'll pardon me if I am not ambitious of the Glory, of being a Martyr in your Religion, before I am become a Proſelyte. Beſides, ſhou'd You, who have ſuch an Ocean of Love to pour on all you come anear, con-

confine your ſelf to one ſlender Rivulet, I muſt expect you to be continually breaking the Banks, and flying out; enriching other Grounds, whilſt your own lies fallow. 'Tis true, I might reap returns from all your Salleys, and ſuch as might ſtick by me as long as I live; but I cou'd be better contented with the Product of our own Grounds only. Nor might I be in danger by you of going through the Pains of Child-bearing; yet I had rather ſuffer them, than only to be brought to Bed of a Diſeaſe, or at the moſt but a Complication of Diſeaſes in the ſhape of a Child. Yet, in grateful return to your Civilities, I ſhall give you my beſt Wiſhes and Advice; which is, To be very careful of your Health; not to be up before nor after the Sun; Let no more Air into your Room in Foggy Weather, than may juſt ſuffice to breathe in; Let your Meat be thorowly roaſted; Refrain Salt, four things, and Pepper. But above all, beware how you peep out of doors in ſtormy Weather, leſt the next high Winds ſhou'd ſhake you to fitters; and I, if I then wou'd have you, be forc'd to gather

ther you up in my Apron. So recommending you to your Tub and Diet-drink, you shall find a tender Nurse in my Wishes, tho' not in the Person of,

Sir, &c.

LET-

LETTER XXXVIII.

To a Justice of Peace.

HAD I not a great Esteem for your Person, I durst not however reject your Suit, lest you shou'd issue out your Warrant, and commit me for opposing Justice: Yet the Prospect of the Honours and Enjoyments I have from your Proposals, have a greater influence upon me than all that. For what cou'd more feed my Ambition, than to be yoak'd to Authority? To see you gravely sit on a Bench of Justice, telling the Clock six hours, and nodding between, like the true Picture of Justice (which is painted blind) sometimes uttering your self, but very absurdly, as disdaining to throw away your better Sense upon Rogues: the sound of

your Voice being ſufficient to make them tremble; but eſpecially the fury that ſits upon your Face towards Dinner-time! But then to ſee your own Hall made a Court of Juſtice! where you ſit as abſolute as the Grand Signior, whilſt the particular Humour you are in is more reſpected than the Offences of the Criminals; and woe be to them that are brought before you, when a Fit of the Spleen comes o're you. Firſt, comes a Conſtable with his Night-work: One is accus'd of being ſober at unſeaſonable hours; Another for affronting of Authority, by diſturbing a Watchman as he ſlept upon a Stall; A third is accus'd of Burglary, for falling into a Cellar when he was drunk. A Wench is brought for preſuming to trade without Money in her Pocket to bribe Mr. Conſtable; Another for giving him the Pox; and another for Night-walking, when ſhe had ne'er a Lodging to go to. Theſe are all committed or diſmiſs'd, according as they come provided. On the ſudden a huge clamour is heard of Fiſh-wives, Herb-women, and Tripe-women, whoſe Larums proclaim their approach a whole Street be-

fore them. By and by they enter. One takes out a Warrant againſt another for calling her Whore, when ſhe can prove ſhe hath had but three Baſtards. A Tripe-woman accuſes a Fiſh-woman for ſwearing, when ſhe ſwears forty Oaths her ſelf to make her Evidence good; but that's nothing, ſhe ſwears for the King. The Fiſh-wife indicts the Tripe-woman's Husband of a Nuiſance, for having ſuch a fat, foul Wife, and offending the Neighbourhood with her. One is accus'd of being drunk, ſhe ſwears Aſſault and Battery againſt the other, for puſhing her down, when ſhe was not able to ſtand; Another is committed for ſtealing Gold off of Ginger-bread; and another, becauſe the Juſtice don't like his looks. So they all depart, and Mr. Juſtice and his Clerk divide ſhares in the Fees. But this is but part of your Income; there are beſides, your Quarterly Allowances from Bawds, and from Pawn-brokers for ſtoln Goods; round Sums for winking at Sham-Bail; Snacks with the Scavenger and Headborough; Rents from the Stocks and Whipping-poſt; Licenſes for Puppet-ſhews, Monſters, and Ale;

Taxes on Bakers and Chandlers for false Weights, &c. Towards all which you exercise the Vertues of those two heavenly Attributes, *Mercy* and *Justice*; Mercy towards all that pay punctually, and Justice to the *non-solvent* and Interlopers. Upon the whole, I am so highly pleas'd with the Post you are in, that it wou'd break my heart, after Marriage, to find you displac'd: therefore only get a Patent for the Place, and you may command,

Sir, &c.

LETTER XXXIX.

To a Gentleman not very Courageous.

I Muſt confeſs your Character much takes me; for Quiet being the greateſt human Felicity, from whom elſe cou'd I expect ſuch comfort, in drawing together through the filthy Mire of this tranſitory World, as from ſo patient a Yoak-fellow, that is inſenſible of affronts to diſturb him in his paſſage? Nay, your happy Temper wou'd ſecure me in all my Concerns: I ſhou'd not fear your Gaming, which you wou'd refrain, for fear of being beaten if you won; I ſhou'd not be jealous of your Wenching, becauſe Miſs's roaring Bully wou'd terrifie and unman you; And Drinking you wou'd ſhun, on account of the Quarrels which uſually enſue; I ſhou'd never fear a certain Billet being brought by a Gentleman's dear Friend, containing a Portion of Scripture call'd a Challenge,

which puzzles ſome to read, as much as the Neck-Verſe does the unlearned. And when the Drums thunder about the Street Divorces between Men and their Wives, for the ſupplying the Wars, they wou'd ſound no terror in my ears of the danger of being made a Relict thereby. 'Tis true indeed, that they who will not fight with Men, will often beat their Wives; but 'tis better one ſhou'd ſuffer than both, as they muſt do in the Husband's misfortunes. Tho' you may be often ſubject to Caning, yet that will be leſs expence in Surgeon's Work than Stabbing; and beſides, then you have the Law on your ſide, and ſurely that is a greater happineſs than to have the Law againſt you, and renders you a better Subject. What is this thing call'd *Honour*? A word. What is that? Air. And what is that? Nothing. But Cutting and Slaſhing, I'le aſſure you, is ſomething, and a ſore matter too. Nay, ſhou'd you be preſs'd to the Wars, you wou'd be in leſs danger than others; ſince in all likelihood you wou'd receive your Wounds on your Poſteriors, which are not ſo mortal as when before. But were there

real

real Vertue in daring of Danger, you wou'd ſhew it in venturing Hanging by running away, which wou'd alſo be proof of another Quality, which never fails with our Sex, and that is Activity. Not to mention the Impiety of a Man's defacing the Image of his Maker, what Charms can it add to his Face, to have it half lin'd with Velvet? Or what Grace can one Knee being propt with Timber add to his motion? Thus you ſee my Judgment is wholly on your ſide; but the misfortune is, my Inclination (which is for a Man of Courage) happens at preſent to be too ſtrong for my Judgment, and prevents any Compliance from,

Sir, &c.

LETTER XL.

To a Gentleman that had a great Opinion of himself.

I Admire you ſhou'd offer a Parley, when you need only ſend your Summons, and command a Surrender: For how ſhou'd the weakeſt of the weaker Veſſels pretend oppoſition to your all-ſubjugating Powers? who need only expreſs your ſelf in *Cæſar*'s Motto, ſince your Charms are Fate's Commiſſioners; nay, Fate it ſelf your Slave. Your Eyes ſhoot more ſure Darts than *Cupid*'s Bowe, and with every Flight bring home a Conqueſt. Your Voice puts the Spheres to ſilence, whilſt they liſten to your more harmonious Airs, to improve their Muſick thereby; nor can any hear you without wiſhing themſelves all Ears, or ſee your Perſon and not wiſh themſelves all Eyes: for your Complexion puts *Aurora* to the bluſh, to find her ſelf become

become your Foil; *Cupids* lie basking in your Rays, catching at the charming Airs; and shou'd *Venus* see you, she wou'd bury all remembrance of *Adonis* in her new-created Passion for You. You breathe *Arabian* Gums and Spices. But your Poetry is all Extatick; every Sentence a Rapture; and yet not envy'd by *Apollo*, whilst he converts all his envy into admiration. If you frown, *Mars* trembles; and *Jove* lays by his Thunder at your Anger: But when you guild your Face with Smiles, a thousand *Cupids* hover about to seize 'em, to add a force to their killing Darts. You cannot look on the most invincible Beauties of our Sex, but you leave them languishing; and when you move, a whole *Galaxie* of Stars move with you, compos'd of their sparkling Eyes. Your most negligent Dress puts the most curious Art of others out of countenance, whilst your self is the great Pattern, which the most *adroit* with great industry but faintly imitate. Whate're you wear, receives an additional Grace from your Person: In your mounted Wig your Face looks like *Phœbus* drest up in all his Beams of Light, whilst your

Rays

Rays ſhoot through the Curls, like his through the waving Branches of the ſhady Groves; and when you leave Mortality, doubtleſs a Civil War will enſue among the Godeſſes for the Propriety of your Perſon. All this I moſt ſincerely believe you to be, with this ſmall addition, *viz.* [*in your own conceit,*] whilſt the direct contrary is thought by all the reſt of the World, and ſo by conſequence by,

Sir, &c.

LET-

LETTER XLI.

To a Gentleman that threaten'd to destroy himself, if rejected.

I Am infinitely oblig'd to you for your laſt; for a Fit of the Spleen was coming over me, which that abſolutely cur'd; to find the old Gin to catch Woodcocks new vamp'd in modiſh Phraſes, and preſented to me for a new Invention. Nor did it a little divert me to conſider what Death I ſhou'd put you to (for I find your Sentence is to come from Me.) I wou'd not have it by falling on your Sword, that being a common Player's Trick; and it wou'd be thought you were practiſing your Part for the Houſe, and over-acted it. Nor by Drowning; for it wou'd not be for my Credit to have my Friend to go out of the World like Kittens and blind Puppies. And Hanging wou'd be very diſhonourable; that being the Fate

of

of Felons, and Dogs for worrying of Sheep. And by no means by Poyſon; for that were to go out of the World like a Rat; and I wou'd not have my ſweet Servant die like a ſtinking Vermin. And ſhou'd you throw your ſelf out of the Window, you might only break your Bones, and ſo come but lamely off. So, after many thoughts, I concluded the moſt proper Death wou'd be to hold your breath, and die backward, like an *Italian*; for dying for Love being ſo prepoſterous a thing, I wou'd have it by a Death as prepoſterous. Beſides, ſince I take no delight in ſeeing People die, you wou'd doubtleſs have more Manners than to deſire to breathe your Soul into my Boſom. Now, ſince I ſhou'd be principally concern'd in it, I think I ought to take care for your Epitaph, which ſhou'd be,

Here lies the kindeſt Lover e're did part,
Who ſweetly breath'd his Soul out in a F--t.

If what you write you deſign'd for a Jeſt, you have your full Anſwer, in that Haugh at it abundantly, which is the end of a Jeſt:

Jeſt: But if in earneſt, I ſhou'd ſhun (as my evil Angel) one guilty of Murder; and really to intend it, is the blackeſt part of the Guilt. Beſides, Self-Murder being the moſt unnatural, a leſſer degree of Wickedneſs wou'd ſerve to take me off at any time; and I muſt expect your daily improving in the Crime, ſince many who have only threaten'd it in jeſt in Courtſhip, have wiſh'd themſelves hang'd in earneſt after Marriage. Shou'd I be won by your Wickedneſs, it wou'd reflect on my Vertue; and to be won by a Jeſt, wou'd reflect on my Diſcretion: So either way you have debarr'd your ſelf of all encouragement from,

Sir, &c.

LET-

LETTER XLII.

To the Author of the Satyr call'd, The True-born Engliſh-man.

YOur favour to our Sex in your Satyr, engages our Friendſhip; for you tax Us only with *Noiſe* and *Pride*; the firſt, the Mark of a Fool; and the laſt, the Sin of *Lucifer*: And had you convers'd with Ladies, doubtleſs you had ſpar'd us even there. Having therefore profeſs'd Friendſhip, I doubt not but you will allow us Freedom. You are certainly very modeſt in reciting but one Inſtance from Mr. *Cowley*, where he detects the Crimes of the Age in general, and begins the Paragraph,

But in this thankleſs World;

Whereas

Whereas you might have found Thouſands from Divines and Moraliſts, more to your purpoſe, without that unlucky word *World*, and ſo better have wreſted their meaning, as fixing the Crimes to this Iſle alone. You ſay you are no *Dutch-man*. No certainly; for (tho' figuratively) you laſh them moſt ſeverely. For why do you detect *incivility to ſtrangers*, but to put us in mind of Their Kindneſs to the *Engliſh* at *Amboyna*? Their Brutality to all Forcigners in their own Country? Their Inſultings when here, whilſt our Servants, and eat our Bread? How do you laſh them, when you expoſe Drunkenneſs, one of the Heroines of their Nation, without which no Bargain is made, no Marriage conſummated, in which all their honourable Duels are perform'd at *Snick and Snee*, and all their Courage in Battles inſpir'd by *Bacchus*? whilſt, you ſay, the *Engliſh* eat luſtily, which ſtrengthens the Nerves, gives no falſe Fire, and ſhews them more the Sons of *Mars*. When you tax Us with not being grateful to my Lord *P—d*, what is it but notoriouſly to laſh Them

for

for Ingratitude? For 'tis well known my Lord was but a private Gentleman, by few known, during the Crisis of the Revolution. That which remark'd him, was the Negotiation with *France*, which equally with Us concern'd all the Confederates in general, but the *Dutch* in particular, who receiv'd the Honour of that Transaction from his being their Country-man; yet what Titles hath he had from this Government! what a vast Estate from the *English* Revenue, though a STRANGER to us! What Ingratitude was it in the *Dutch* in not out-doing us! and how much more, in doing Nothing for him! As for the extravagant Conceptions you say we had then of him, it is all News to us; none ever thought but we had divers as full Statesmen, nor look'd on that Transaction but as an effect of his Majesty's Wisdom; that my Lord was only the Trunk through which the King spake, for doubtless his Instructions were limited. You say, *the* Dutch *were pay'd, curs'd, and sent back.* What Nation does not discharge Foreigners their Territories when they have no farther

uſe of them? And perhaps (they being moſt Artificers, who by means of their Pay underwork'd our Poor) the Sufferers might curſe them. However, they were paid: but they left Us to pay a vaſt Army, ſent to defend their Country. But 'twill be objected, it was for our own Security. And ſo was their aſſiſting us; for had not we been diſintangled to aſſiſt them, (the alone End of their Aid) where had *Holland* been by this? For I will challenge the World to ſhew one inſtance of their generous Aid, where *Self* was not at bottom. But you farther ſharply laſh them, and ſay poſitively, *page* 9th. That the Devil governs them by *Avarice*; a Vice which includes *Ingratitude*, and all baſeneſs of Spirit. But for the Honour of the *Engliſh*, you make them ſtill the Race of the Conquerours; allow them Fierce as the *Britains*, Brave as the *Romans*; more inclin'd to Save than to Conquer; Humbleſt when Rich, Gentleſt in Command; Forgiving injuries, *&c.* And though you challenge us to prove Ten Families from the *Saxons*, to make amends you can find but one ancient

Family in *Holland*; nay, you ſay our very Clime gives new Blood and Manners to the worſt that come here. Thus far no *Dutch-man*. But then again *Dutch-man* all over. You are angry the *Dutch* were ſent back: but why? You anſwer in alluding to the Conqueſt of King *William* the Firſt, in expreſs words, *viz.* He did not ſend his *Dutch-men* back, but canton'd out the Country to his Men, and made *Lords* of *a parcel of Raſcals*. Who can blame your Anger for your Diſappointment, having the *like pretenſions* to Peerage? Beſides, had you been *Engliſh*, you had not certainly (how true ſoever) publiſh'd your own Parents to have deſcended of *Rakes*. Your diſcretion muſt be allow'd for going back but Two thouſand Years to enquire of *Britannia* if ſhe knew *Engliſh men*; for had you gone back t'other Two thouſand years, there had been none but *Noachians*, and ſo you had brought all the World under the ſame Predicament with the *Engliſh*. But 'tis exceſſive abſurd to make a Name a Subject for Satyr, being only a Mark of diſtinction; no Man ever priding in a

Name,

Name, but in the *Acts* annex'd to it. As ridiculous is that Poſition,

A True-born *Engliſh man's a Contradiction.*

What! becauſe he cannot prove Two thouſand years deſcent? whereas in all Nations, when a Man is Naturaliz'd, his Son is as true-born of that Country, as the moſt Ancient of it; as formerly a Citizen of *Rome*, now a Gentleman of *Venice*, &c. But whilſt you exclaim againſt Us for a Mixture, you ſay the ſame of the *Roman* Empire, when the moſt Famous in the World, *page* 11. That *Gauls*, *Greeks*, *Lombards*, &c. were contain'd in the Name of *Roman*; nay, that the *Scotch* are mix'd with all the World. By conſequence all the World then are mix'd as well as We. You ſay, *page* 24. *England borrows or makes all her Nobility*: And are not all the Nobility in the World made at home or abroad? As for their Deſcent, all know the King is the Fountain of Honour, and Vertue the Subject-matter: if thence one is created Noble, certainly his Progeny are as truly ſo,

as (after all your pains to prove your own Forefathers *Scoundrels*) your ſelf muſt be ſuch. But, after ſo much labour to leſſen the Honour of the *Engliſh*, by ſhewing their baſe Extract, in *page* 59. you allow our Anceſtors to be Heroes. After that, that it ſignifies nothing to us what they were: So the ſcope of your Satyr hath been againſt juſt Nothing. The whole Poem indeed is fram'd of Contradictions. You ſay, *page* 31. we have every Grace but *Charity*, page 32. that we always *take* leſs freely than we *give*; which doubtleſs ſhews the nobleſt inclination to Charity. So that now you have allow'd us every Grace, what is become of your Satyr in the mean time? You ſay, *page* 32. the *Engliſh* are *ill-natur'd*; That their Favour is never to be recover'd by any Merit, if once loſt. In the very next page, *That they are never angry long*; and in *page* 34. *That they forget and forgive Injuries.* In *page* 10. you make the Innocency of the *Britains* to be the occaſion of their being conquer'd: in the very ſame page you make the Devil of *Ingratitude* to be the firſt occaſion. In *page* 26.

they

they are *terrible*, *bold*, and *fierce*: in *page* 33. both their *Brains* and *Paſſions* are *cool*. But it were endleſs to recite all of this kind. Then for your Stile, (not to mention your ſtately beginning with an old Saw) 'tis a hotch-potch of *Satyr*, *Panegyrick*, *Heroick*, and *Burleſque*. As to the ſtrength of the Senſe, I will only cull out the following from much of the like, becauſe by the change of the Letter you put an Emphaſis upon it, to ſhew it the more remarkable and ſtudy'd Nonſenſe, *page* 34.

Forgetting and forgiving Injury;
Which may be true, thus rightly underſtood,
Forgiving ill turns, and forgetting good.

Where *forgetting* and *forgiving ill turns*, if rightly underſtood, means forgiving and forgetting both *ill* and *good turns*. Fine Logick! As to your Rhime, Mr. *Cowley* ſays he does not allow in himſelf to end with two the ſame Syllables, not even in the moſt licentious Pyndarick Strain; and tho' he does it, 'tis ſtill with a third to anſwer both; but he utterly

disallows of it in all other Poetry. Yet you, in *page* 4. make *contend* rhime to *pretend*; and in near twenty places more in the same manner; which is nauseous, especially where there is not more force to mitigate the Offence. To pass over your Verses with Badgers Feet, and infinite more things inconsistent with true Poetry. Some fancy it a Work of great labour as to the Historical part: but I, in your defence, told them, two hours reading in the Book from *Prideaux*'s Papers wou'd give you every hint, and two more at *Billingsgate* all the Satyr, which consists in calling *Rascal*, *Rake*, *Scoundrel*, *Sot*, *Whore*, &c. But to excuse all your faults, you say you saw *some*, but the Book was printed, and so too late to mend. What pity 'twas, that you cou'd not read your own hand before it was printed. But now, to reconcile your Country, I fancy you to be the Spawn of both Nations, got by a *Dutch Pot-Herce* upon an *English Fish-wife*; deriving the Wit of your Arguments from the first, and the Delicacy of your Language from the last. Nor are you much unlike the famous

mous *Dutch* Boor-Painter, who, to be excellent in that kind of Draught, kept Company only with Tinkers, Chimney-ſweepers, &c. nor cou'd he draw a Lord without giving him the Air of a Boor: So you (I ſuppoſe, with the like method in Converſation) uſe the ſame Phraſes to *Lords, Gentry, Clergy*, &c. of *Sot, Raſcal*, &c. You ſay, *our greateſt Artiſts are the greateſt Sots.* 'Tis well known Mr. *Halley*, Mr. *Giblons*, Mr. *Cook*, Mr. *Croſs*, Mr. *Baniſter*, and all our moſt famous, were always free from that imputation. But I ſuppoſe (like that Boor-Painter) you mean ſuch as you converſe with. To ſhew your Skill in Muſick is as great as in Poetry, you ſay *our Choriſters drink Wine to clear the Voice*; a thing of quite contrary effect; nay, that *Wine is the Balm that Surgeons pour into Wounds.* Oh what a fine thought! But 'tis well known your *Dutch* Vice is much left off here by the better ſort. To reflect on the Clergy, you raiſe *Chimæra's*, and then valiantly oppoſe them. Which of them recanted the Doctrines of *Non-Reſiſtance* and *Paſſive Obedience* towards King *James*

during his Government? Which of them hath receded from those Principles to the present? What Fathers took up Arms? Which of them sent to invite the King, or appears now uneasie under him, or the least defective in Loyalty? Your Satyr as much touches the *Chineses* as Them. But concluding none of this Dirt wou'd stick, you call them the *drunken Clergy*; though 'tis confess'd by all People, that of so exemplar a Life as to Morals, so profoundly Learn'd in Divinity and all Philosophy, there is not a Clergy in the World. But I ask their pardon, that I shou'd seem to think your senseless Reflections worthy notice. Despairing of being sav'd by your Clergy, you appeal to the King in a Panegyrick of such extravagant unnatural Flights, that it looks more like a Banter: But, as if the Devil ow'd you a shame, you have prevented all hopes of Mercy there, by being more sawcy with Him than all the rest. You tax him with want of Consideration, *page* 42. *for letting the Clergy swear.* You reflect on his Honour and Wisdom, *page* 25. *That he creates Peers of Men of no Merit,*

Merit, who have only Impudence and Money to recommend them. Nay, you have the impudence to call him *Madman*; for you ſay, *page* 52. *he were a Madman to truſt* Engliſh *Gentlemen*; and he hath ſufficiently declar'd his Confidence in them. You highly derogate from his Glory; for inſtead of being Monarch of a brave People, you make him only the Head of *Banditti*; nay, worſe; for you ſay our Anceſtors were Thieves and Robbers, and that we *degenerate from them.* So that, ſhou'd he uſe your Dialect to the Parliament, inſtead of ſaying, *My Lords and Gentlemen*, he muſt ſay, *My Rogues and Vagabonds.* Nor certainly can he like your Commonwealth-Principles; for in *page* 43. you ſay, *If the People fancy they have not Right*, (for you make Them Judges) *they may ſend for Foreign Aid*; *That if the King breaks the Poſtulata's to the Government, the Power returns to the People*; *That Laws are ſuperiour to Kings.* Surely you ne'er read an Act of Parliament. Is the Creature above the Creator. But what ignorance do you betray, when you ſay *this is the*

Voice

Voice of all Nations! Is it of *France, Germany, Spain, Turky, Persia,* &c? Certainly you will not make a King of *Poland* a Precedent for the whole Universe. You conclude with a single Example to represent the whole Kingdom, than which nothing can be more absurd. Yet every particular of that may be easily refuted, but that I think your Censure is more for Sir *Charles D———b*'s Honour, than your Panegyrick would be, since it is with the same black Breath you endeavour to blast the Clergy, Lords, and Commons with; nay, in that very Character you bring in the Devil instigating the Parliament, *page* 58. Upon the whole, I find but one lash affects the *English*, and that is a severe one, which is in calling your self an *English-man*. Will not Foreigners say, What nasty Birds are these *English*, that they will defile their own Nests! What Miscreants, that they are contented to render odious all their own Ancestors, so the Infection may taint their own Kinsmen and Country-men! But the Comfort is, none will give ear to such a *Judas*. With what Front can you accuse others of Treachery,

chery, when the design of your whole Pamphlet is to betray the Honour of your own Country to the contempt of Strangers, they who will do that, will make no bones of betraying the Country it self to them; as it is held more base to betray a Man's Reputation than his Person. The *Romans* wou'd have wanted a Name for such an one. But the Riddle is, Whom was this Poem calculated to please? Not the *King*, after the gross Reflections on him. Not the *Nobility*, for you say, *page* 13. *They are descended from* Norman *Rascals and* French *Troopers*. Not the *Gentry*, for, *page* 24. *they are made such of Rakes*. Not the *City*, page 25. *their Magistrates are Porters, Draymen, and Footmen*. Not the *Williamites*, for 'tis all levell'd against them, as Betrayers of the King after they had set him on the Throne. Nor yet your Idols *P*——*d* and *S*——*g*, *page* 18. you call them *new-made Lords*, and *page* 25. you say, *'tis Money and Impudence makes our new Lords*. Nor can you please the *Dutch*; for *page* 9. you say, *the Devil governs them by Avarice*, which Vice contains Ingratitude and all baseness

nels of Spirit. Nor will They, or any, truſt one who betrays his own Country; at leaſt, if they hug the Treaſon, they will abhor the Traytor. It can only pleaſe the Rakes of all Parties; They may dote on ſuch a Champion againſt Religion and all good Manners, as alſo the Devil their Inſtigator, to whoſe Protection I commit you.

LET-

LETTER XLIII.

The Ladies Concluſion.

Gentlemen,

IT is no averſion to your Sex, or deſign of a ſingle Life, occaſions my refuſals; but my averſion to your Follies and Vices. If it be ask'd, What manner of Perſon may be acceptable? I anſwer,

A gen'rous open Heart, yet one
That will not be impos'd upon;
Knows to increaſe, without the Vice
Of loath'd, damn'd, griping Avarice;
Facetious in Diſcourſe, yet free
From Malice and Scurrility;
That's complaiſant, 'thout Affectation;
Tenacious, without Reſervation;
Holds faſt his Honour, without noiſe;
Seeks Mens good words more than applauſe;

Of

Of Promiſe ſlow, Performance quick;
Obtains his Ends 'thout Fraud or Trick;
Well dreſs'd, but not in Habit vain;
Well read, without Pedantick ſtrain;
And Travell'd, if to Knowledge bent,
But not t' return worſe than he went;
Of Courage full, to face his Fate,
Yet tender and compaſſionate;
Knows to be Head, but not to have
His Wife in Bondage, like a Slave;
That's temp'rate, conſtant, and ſincere:
But ſuch are few of You, I fear;
Yet ſhew me ſuch a Man, and I
With him will gladly live and die.

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FINIS.